

THE LIVING AGE



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for December, 1935

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a republication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.'

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THE GUIDE POST

ACCORDING to Günther Stein, former foreign correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Japan is deeply disillusioned over Manchukuo. The new pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is North China. Herr Stein warns that the situation in Europe may provide Japan with just the opportunity she has been waiting for. [p. 290]

IN THE interval which has elapsed since the fighting of 1932 the Japanese have been far from idle. As the Russian writer, E. Iolk, reveals, the Japanese military have been systematically strengthening the industries which are especially necessary to the prosecution of a new war. M. Iolk lists these industries, gives some of the statistics of their growth, and points out also that certain industries have not kept pace. Like the good Communist that he is, he ends on a note of revolutionary anticipation. [p. 293]

TOKUMYO MATSUMOTO is professor of Japanese cultural history at the University of Bonn. Speaking as a Japanese, he seeks to justify his country's actions in the Far East by an appeal to the Oriental *Weltanschauung*. His view that the individual is but a knot in the web of life and his tendency to belittle such mundane concepts as living standards and imperialism must make him immensely popular among the Nazis. In 'pacifying' Manchuria and in asserting her special interest in China, Japan is but assuming the yellow man's burden in the Orient, he says. [p. 297]

THE leading editorial which we reprint from the *Manchester Guardian* is one of many reasons why that liberal English paper is so often banned in Germany. In a mood half playful and half indignant, the anonymous writer flays the German Government and the National-Socialist move-

ment unmercifully. And he is careful to make the very distinction between government and people which is best calculated to infuriate the Nazis. [p. 301]

AN EXCELLENT foil to the *Manchester Guardian* editorial is Dr. K. Scharping's 'Why I Like Hitler.' Dr. Scharping is just an average middle-class German, as he is careful to explain. He is neither a government official nor yet a Nazi Party member. Nevertheless, he loves National-Socialist Germany and the Government of Adolf Hitler. As he wrote his article for a French magazine, and was thus presumably free to say what he believes, he should command the careful attention of anyone who wishes to understand why Nazidom endures. [p. 303]

THE name of Carlos Martínez de Campos will be familiar to our readers as that of the author of an article on the air war of to-morrow in the August *LIVING AGE*. This month Señor Martínez contributes a careful survey of the various kinds of naval vessels in use to-day and speculates on the nature—and the chances—of the naval battle of the future. With the naval conference opening soon, his article constitutes a source of timely information about the technical aspects of modern naval science. [p. 307]

STEPHEN SPENDER needs no introduction to readers of *THE LIVING AGE*. Mr. Spender was in Austria at the time of the assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss. In his short story, *The Strange Death*, he conveys with an almost frightening vividness the weird atmosphere of mystery and terror which pervaded, and still pervades, that tiny nation. [p. 328]

IT IS a well-known fact that Turkey is rapidly adopting western ways. But it is
(Continued on page 376)

THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844



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The World Over

HOLDERS OF ARMAMENTS, chemicals, and aircraft shares have no grounds for complaint against Stanley Baldwin's Government, which has succeeded in capturing the pacifist vote and at the same time arming England to the teeth. A few years ago Vickers split up its stock and wrote down its value from 20 shillings a share to 6 shillings and 8 pence. To-day this stock fetches 19 shillings a share. During the first nine months of 1935 the price of Skoda munitions shares rose 70 per cent, and the profits of British Celanese, which manufactures chemical products, increased by the same amount during the first quarter of 1935. The British tin trust reports another 10-per-cent increase in production beginning October 1—no doubt to the intense satisfaction of John Howeson, 'the Tin Napoleon,' who suffered his first taste of publicity last spring in connection with the bankruptcy and scandal that attended his effort to corner the world's supply of black pepper in addition to its supply of tin. But the biggest recent profits have gone to speculators in aircraft shares. The Short Brothers formed a company with a capital investment of 150,000 pounds, raised by the sale of 250,000 shares of 'A' stock and 350,000 shares of ordinary stock, all at 5 shillings a share. One merchant banker bought 250,000 shares at 23 shillings and 4 pence a share, for which the public eagerly paid 32 shillings and 6 pence a share. The bankers thus made a profit of 138,021 pounds, and the nine members of the original aircraft company made a total profit of 686,979 pounds. These profits, furthermore, came on top of 3 million pounds that other promoters and brokers had made on other new aircraft shares and 7

million pounds in profits on the rising values of old aircraft companies. No wonder 'The City' supports the Baldwin Government, especially since it plans to finance the 200-million-pound rearmament scheme by means of a government loan in preference to higher taxes.

EXTREMES MEET, and the lion lies down with the lamb, as a result of the Baldwin Government's contradictory foreign policy. Winston Churchill declares that the League of Nations, which he has ridiculed for fifteen years, has come to life, while the British Communists, who have heretofore echoed Lenin's phrase about the 'thieves' kitchen' at Geneva, also find that it has become their bulwark and their strength. Ramsay MacDonald, lifelong pacifist and advocate of disarmament, supports his successor's rearmament plans, and the Labor Party, which branded MacDonald a traitor in 1931, supports the foreign policy of a Government even more imperialist than the one he formed in that year. And the opponents of Britain's present foreign policy represent equally divergent points of view. Thus we find the Tory *Saturday Review* railing against Baldwin as follows:—

Newspapers supporting and egging on the Government say that the sanctions will be applied by England and France together, but is it probable that after Sir Samuel's letter France will be keen to turn against Italy, with whom she made what was virtually an alliance some months ago? Is it not much more likely that England will be left to stand alone? Further, does our Government imagine that Mussolini will be cowed by mere threats and give in without the bitterest kind of struggle? Does it believe that if it strikes at Italy the interests of other countries will not be involved? Is this not to raise the spectre of another great and much worse war? The simple truth is that our wretched Government is backing the wrong horse!

The *New Leader*, organ of the Independent Labor Party, attacks the Labor Party, from which it has seceded, from exactly the opposite quarter:—

The Labor Party cannot logically oppose this increase in armaments. If it is prepared to support the National Government in a policy which involves war, it cannot refuse to the National Government the armaments necessary for war.

If money is to be spent on armaments, it will not be available for social purposes. It is an open secret that the Unemployment Insurance Fund would now permit the Family Means Test to be abolished and unemployment benefits to be increased. But, if armaments are increased, the Means Test will not be abolished and benefits will not be increased. The money will be required for bombing airplanes and battleships. The Labor Party has sacrificed the unemployed for war preparations.

Of the two criticisms, the second comes much closer to the truth. Sir Samuel Hoare has declared that the principal aim of British foreign policy is to maintain good relations with Italy, and he can at any moment reverse the direction he has taken in recent months. But the re-

armament program and the Conservative election victory, both of which came as a result of England's momentary support of the League, are here to stay.

THREE ISSUES DOMINATE the French political crisis: the currency, the Fascist leagues, and the war danger in Africa. In respect to currency, the Laval Government has slavishly obeyed the Bank of France and pursued a rigid deflationary policy, cutting both prices and wages. In respect to the Fascist leagues, it has given all the encouragement it has dared to de la Rocque's Croix de Feu and other illegal private armies, which are openly preparing a coup d'état before the Popular Front of Communists, Socialists, and Radicals takes power with ballots or bullets. And, in respect to foreign policy, Laval has hesitated to support Britain and the League against Mussolini while earning the title of 'the Briand of the Right' because he has tried to make friends with Hitler's Germany just as Briand tried to make friends with the Germany of Stresemann. But reluctance to apply sanctions against Italy has won him more support than all his other acts put together, as even the Socialists have not gone so far as the British Labor Party in demanding strong measures against Italy. As for the conservative press, it has made the very most of its opportunity to celebrate the virtues of peace, to lampoon the parties of the Left as the parties of war, and to excoriate perfidious Albion. Pierre Gaxotte, editor of *Je Suis Partout*, has discovered the following Bolshevik plot:—

At the risk of passing for a maniac, I shall never weary of repeating, because it is essential to do so, that the Popular Front has but one aim: to gain power in order to put the French army in the service of Russia. Stalin wants to divert the German drive toward the Ukraine in the direction of France. He needs an anti-Fascist government in Paris to multiply the pin-pricks, insults, and provocations against Germany. He wants war to break out in the West so that the East will be safe.

M. Gaxotte then quotes extensively from Hitler's autobiography, which urges an attack on Russia rather than on France.

OTHER ORGANS of the Comité des Forges, the Bank of France, and the Schneider-Creusot armaments trust—for these organizations subsidize all the conservative press in France—sound the same note. Henri de Kerillis, Nationalist deputy and feature-writer for the clerical *Écho de Paris*, declares:—

Yes, indeed, sanctions mean war! Our propaganda will never stop informing the four corners of the land in reply to the odious Socialist and Communist propaganda. Frenchmen, what the Popular Front asks of you is to quarrel incessantly with a great brother country, your neighbor, without reconciling yourselves with Germany and without any formal guarantee in exchange.

Charles Maurras of the Royalist *Action Française* accuses the Free Masons, Moscow, and England of conniving against France and urges his fellow countrymen to make the 'criminals' now in charge of their destiny 'pay the price of blood.' In reply Herriot, the leader of the Radicals, points out that England's friendship is worth more to France than that of any other nation, and *Lumière*, the organ of his Party, declares:—

If the League of Nations were to collapse because of the passive complicity of the French Government, the very next day all Englishmen who are not pro-German would yield to that obscure instinct of imperial isolation, defeated at the moment but always powerful and waiting for the semblance of a justification to reappear. Repeated engagements, material interests, moral interests, everything is in accord: France has no choice.

The National Committee of the Federal Union of French Veterans issued a manifesto in the same vein:—

We affirm yet again that neither in the world at large nor in Europe is peace possible if the nations do not decide to respect their engagements, to renounce war for the settlement of their disputes, and to observe international discipline under the moral and juridical authority of the League, which will direct the conciliation and adjustment seen to be necessary.

Although these voices are not so strident as the cries of the French Fascists and although they make relatively moderate demands, the anti-Fascist bloc possesses considerably greater strength and cohesion than the defenders of the German Republic did when von Papen replaced Brüning as Chancellor of Germany in June, 1932. The most important and significant development in months is the recent unification that has been effected between the Communist and Socialist trade unions, whose German equivalents fought each other until Hitler actually came into power.

HERE ARE SOME extraordinary facts about the condition of the press under Hitler drawn from the actual instructions that Propaganda Minister Goebbels hands out to the German papers. For instance, on the 65th birthday of Berta Krupp's husband the press was told 'to comment favorably on the man, his work, and his firm.' The Ethiopian affair has called for especially delicate treatment—'*There must be no attack on Italy* (italics in original) . . . The importance of the League of Nations can be dealt with in a cautious manner . . . The way in which the French newspapers are writing may be commented upon with gentle irony.' And then such curious items as this: 'The report of the death of the Führer's uncle must not be circulated.' In the light of these restrictions it is hardly surprising that the circulation, as well as the number, of the German papers has fallen by leaps and bounds. Between March, 1933, and March, 1935, the number of newspapers and periodicals pub-

lished in Germany declined from 11,300 to 8,700, and, since 2,000 of the present crop originated in the past two years, this means that some 4,600 have ceased to exist since Hitler's arrival. The number of periodicals sent through the mails each year has dropped from 1,800,000,000 in 1933 to 1,400,000,000 in 1935. Foreign sales of German publications have declined 35 per cent, but the sale of foreign publications in Germany has increased even in the face of prohibitions, seizures, and delays. And of the forty-four really big German dailies published in 1933 eleven have gone out of existence.

THE CONDITION of Austria, both economic and political, has remained hopeless for so long a time that improvement in any direction is virtually unprecedented. Yet the first eight months of 1935 show considerable advances on the economic front. Unemployment declined to 205,000 at the end of September, as compared with 247,000 in June and 271,000 a year ago. During August pig-iron production mounted 65 per cent, steel production 15 per cent, and cotton-yarn production 18 per cent. The budget deficit for the first six months of 1935 amounted to 43.5 million schillings as compared with 76.65 millions last year, and increased revenues from taxation have made a balanced budget distinctly possible. Exports to Italy during the first eight months of 1935 jumped from 60.7 million schillings in 1934 to 82.1 millions, but Germany remains the most important market for Austrian goods, having increased its purchases from 84.3 millions in 1934 to 92.8 millions. Exports to Hungary and Czechoslovakia, on the other hand, have declined.

ITALY'S MILITARY CAMPAIGN in Ethiopia and Germany's preparations for war more than account for Austria's economic gains. But precisely the same factors that are making for economic progress are also creating political anarchy. The withdrawal of Major Fey, commander of the Vienna Heimwehr, from the Cabinet means that the chief undercover agent for the Nazis has been replaced by the open advocate of close coöperation with Italy, Prince Starhemberg, who is also rumored to have designs on the Hapsburg throne. Starhemberg had controlled the rural Heimwehr for years, and both he and Fey had accepted funds from Italy. But Fey planned to use his Vienna cohorts to execute a Nazi coup d'état, and, when documentary proof of this scheme in the form of letters from Fey reached the hands of the authorities, Starhemberg urged the Cabinet to order Fey's execution. He failed to carry his point, but Fey is now guarded day and night. Meanwhile, the position of the present Government has been seriously weakened because it has lost even the half-hearted support of the Nazis, who hoped to be able to seize power through the good offices of Major Fey.

ANIMATED BY THE DESIRE, as human as it is British, to make a virtue of necessity, the London *Times* has collected a series of statements made by Mussolini and some of his henchmen over a period of years. Back in 1923, for instance, an Italian warship fired a warning shot at a Greek ship suspected of carrying arms to the island of Corfu and nearly provoked a war. Dino Grandi, former Italian Foreign Minister and now Ambassador to Great Britain, has recently justified this action as follows:—

At Corfu the Duce fired his gun, not to intimidate Greece, but to intimate to Europe that it was time to halt for a moment to consider Italy's international position before the tension created in Italy by the wrongs done her at Paris reached the danger point. By so doing he made the first real contribution to European peace.

If Corfu was a warning shot, asks the *Times*, what is Ethiopia? In March, 1934, Mussolini anticipated the question with this answer:—

There must be no misunderstanding upon this centuries-old task assigned to this and future generations of Italians. There was no question of territorial conquests—this must be understood by all, both far and near—but of a natural expansion, which ought to lead to a collaboration between Italy and the peoples of Africa and the East. Italy could above all civilize Africa, and her position in the Mediterranean gave her this right and imposed this duty on her. She demanded no privileges and monopolies but did not want earlier arrivals to block her spiritual, political, and economic expansion.

By the end of that year, however, he assumed an entirely different tone:—

It is further necessary to be prepared for war, not to-morrow but to-day. We are becoming, and shall become so increasingly, because this is our desire, a military nation. A militaristic nation, I will add, since we are not afraid of words.

And he left no doubt at all concerning Ethiopia:—

The Italian nation is following with discipline and enthusiasm the part played for it by the régime. The undeserved defeat of Adowa is a wound from which the heart of the Italian people has been smarting for forty years. It must now be healed once for all.

It will be interesting to follow the shifting justifications of other statesmen as the march of events places them in the position Mussolini now occupies.

LAST MONTH we referred here to the resignation of Wang Ching-wei as Premier of China and to the arrival in that country of Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, financial adviser to the British Government. Sooner than anyone could have prophesied these two events bore fruit. Wang Ching-wei, notorious advocate of Chinese coöperation with Japan, barely

escaped assassination, and the Chinese Government has abandoned the silver standard and thrown itself into the arms of the British. The attempt on Wang may have been either British or Japanese—the British being eager to thwart Japan in China, the Japanese being on the lookout for an ‘incident’ to justify another Manchurian expedition, this time in China proper. As for Roosevelt’s policy of boosting the world price of silver by purchasing the metal from all comers, it at once infuriated Britain’s international bankers, who saw that the value of India’s silver rupee would rise in relation to the pound sterling and that China’s currency would be linked to the dollar instead of the pound. The American silver policy did not, however, make sufficient allowance for the fact that China exports more goods than it imports and that the rising price of silver made these exports cost more on the world market. In consequence, Sir Frederick Leith-Ross found the Chinese currency ready to drop into his lap the moment he arrived in the country.

WHETHER ENGLAND and Japan will work together in China remains to be seen; there is less doubt that the Mikado’s troops will continue to subdue the Asiatic mainland. And, while Sir Frederick refuses to answer newspapermen who ask if he is promoting a British loan to China, the Japanese make no secret of their intentions. General Iwane Matsui, former member of the Supreme War Council and the leading authority on China in the Japanese army, left Tokyo for Shanghai on October 3, where he told the press that Japan would not assist China until that country recognized Manchukuo, ceased flirting with England, and stamped out Communism. At the same time Major General Kenji Doihara, chief of the special service department of the Japanese army in Manchukuo, declared that the five northern provinces of Hopei, Shantung, Shansi, Chahar, and Suiyuan should break away from Nanking and set up autonomous rule. A spokesman of the Japanese War Office also made this statement on September 24:—

Improvement of conditions in North China, which is essential to pave the way for coexistence between Japan, Manchukuo, and China, should be gradually attained by the power of the North China masses. Use of power and authority by the Japanese army for ousting the Kuomintang and the Chiang Kai-shek régime, which interfere with the above-mentioned improvement of conditions, will be unavoidable.

Still another military figure, Major General Hayao Tada, commander of the Japanese garrison in North China, spoke even more bitterly of the ‘perfidiousness and immorality of the Chinese Government.’ Will the next step take the form of still another Japanese expedition in North China?

A German describes Japan's new territorial ambitions; a Russian reports on Japan's preparations for war; a Japanese explains his country's actions.

STORM *over Asia*

TWO APPRAISALS
AND AN APOLOGY

I. THE APPROACHING CRISIS

By GÜNTHER STEIN

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-language Daily

IN THE great circular lobby of Tokyo's central railway station there recently stood twelve young men in long white kimonos. Their sleeves bore the red cross, they carried sticks in their hands, and they wore army caps. They were wounded soldiers, coming from the Manchukuan 'front,' where, four years after the occupation, the Japanese army is still engaged in almost daily guerilla warfare with the scattered groups of 'bandits,' officially estimated at 30,000 strong. Along this 'life-line of Japan' even to-day a few Japanese soldiers and officers lose their lives almost daily, while dozens are wounded.

The soldiers stood and waited, unnoticed. Evidently they were not merely waiting for the train. They were waiting for a spontaneous interest on the part of the hurrying multitudes around them, for a sign of sympathy or at least curiosity on the part of these many young people in soldiers' and students' uniforms, of the women and the girls in colorful dresses, of the men in Japanese workers' smocks, in western suits or dark, ceremonial kimonos. All these passed them by without a glance. A strange, touching smile spread over the features of the forlorn little group. It was compounded of joy and pride, of em-

barrassed wonder and—disappointment. Perhaps they had learned for the first time that the masses of the Japanese people have long passed the stage of patriotic enthusiasm over Manchukuo; that the joys and sorrows of the closely knit Japanese family life and, above all, the economic distress of the depression again dominate their interest to the exclusion of all else; that everything having to do with politics repels, rather than interests, them.

The leading pioneers of Japanese expansion, whether in uniform or in mufti, are having similar experiences when they propagandize in banks and offices for active sympathy and coöperation in Manchukuo or, for that matter, in North China. In these circles Manchukuo is more or less openly admitted to be a disappointment to-day. After four years of practical experience, after military expenditures and private investments amounting annually to one-quarter of the Japanese national budget, with no let-up in expenses in view, there are no more illusions about the fact that Manchukuo will for a long time to come be a burden to Japan rather than a source of wealth—if, indeed, it can ever become anything but an important, though costly, military outpost.

II

In the modern bank and business buildings of Tokyo and Osaka the yen rules as despotically over cool-headed, 'modern' magnates and business directors as does the dollar or the pound elsewhere. In these circles lucrative armament orders and the new high-interest-bearing government loans issued to pay for them are well re-

ceived; but the further development of Manchukuo is more and more considered an unwelcome field for investment, for it either brings losses or threatens to compete with various Japanese industries. As for still further expansion of the Japanese sphere of influence into North China, most of the executives issue warnings rather than expressions of approval. They are fully aware of all the statistics, which soberly indicate the great strain and the dangers to which Japan is being subjected.

There is, for example, the danger of inflation, for armament expenditures consume almost the entire ordinary revenues of the Government, and year after year they necessitate huge increases in the public debt, which is already four times as high as it was before the World War (which, incidentally, brought Japan nothing but profits). Even the aged Minister of Finance, Takahashi, one of the few really authoritative civilians in Japan, cannot stem the tide of armament expenditures.

Again, there is the danger of an acute crisis on the markets. Japanese industry is entirely dependent upon the artificial boom in armaments and upon the export business, which is still on the rise but which is being fought more and more by the other countries. This export business is made possible only because of Japan's low-price policy and thus brings in more losses than profits. The purchasing power of the domestic market has not begun to keep pace with the enormous industrial expansion. This increases the danger that the yen will be further devalued. As a result of a chronically unfavorable trade balance, brought about through an alto-

gether too large capital export to Manchukuo, Japan's reserves of liquid foreign exchange have become dangerously affected.

Finally, there are dangers arising from domestic agriculture, from public opinion, from the growing distress of the peasants, who pay high interest and get far too low prices. Their debts are increasing, and to many natural catastrophes another poor crop is about to be added. In the destitute districts of the northeast an actual crop failure threatens.

Mr. Yosuke Matsuoka, who, in 1932, championed the new state of Manchukuo before the League of Nations and who, among all the civilians, is closest to the ambitious Japanese military, has recently been appointed president of the South Manchurian Railway Company, the mightiest Japanese pioneer organization on the continent. This was done to offset the skepticism and reserve of Japanese capital and to secure the necessary economic supplies for the army in its new sphere of influence.

Matsuoka is known as 'radical' in the sense in which the progressive wing of the army is 'radical.' Evidently, he has made some important concessions to the leaders of Japanese industry in order to break their resistance to Manchukuo and North China. As he told us foreign journalists at a luncheon recently, Manchukuo must be developed not as an industrial country in constant competition with Japan but as a source of raw materials, merely supplementing Japan. He openly conceded that to-day Japan must, above all, put her own interests in Manchukuo above those of the new state itself. This runs counter to the original idea of the

Japanese army of occupation, which wished to develop along the lines of state socialism its 'own' new state independently of the 'capitalistically' managed Japanese economy. However, since Manchukuo does not have a sufficient supply of the raw materials needed in Japan,—all predictions to the contrary notwithstanding,—the South Manchurian Railway is seeking to extend the movement to North China. Even here the raw-material needs of the army and the navy cannot be supplied. The armed forces, which are part of the propaganda for 'national security,' need, above all, petroleum, metal ore, and rubber.

Under such circumstances Italy's new slogan of a necessary redistribution of the earth's raw-material wealth and colonial areas has been eagerly seized upon in Japan. The Japanese trade balance has been dangerously burdened by imports of raw materials. Manchukuo has not been able to relieve the strain, nor has it proved suitable for Japanese settlement. North China is of dubious value in a non-military sense. Moreover, the ambition of the Japanese navy has long been repressed, since for many decades it has had to leave the entire business of extending Japanese power to the army. Recently, all these factors have had the result of focusing the centrally controlled attention of Japanese public opinion upon the rich islands of the Pacific. There is talk of new mandates—over southern New Guinea, and over the (formerly German) islands south of the Equator, which have fallen to Australia and New Zealand; there is talk of oil and other concessions in the British and Dutch possessions and of unrestricted Japanese economic development and

settlement in the numerous Pacific-Asiatic regions and island groups. Again there may be heard the rumblings of an Asiatic movement under Japanese leadership for liberation from western colonial dominion; thus the Japanese struggle for a fleet to exceed those of America and England gains practical meaning.

This was the atmosphere that greeted Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, financial adviser to the British Government, upon his arrival in Japan. Sir Frederick is to explore the possibilities of Anglo-Japanese coöperation in China. Japan has made, on its former ally, very considerable counter-demands, of the kind indicated above. These demands will probably be as unwelcome in England as in America and Holland. Only recently have the Japanese people had it so vividly demonstrated to them that the real enemies of Japanese expansion are the colonial Powers of the West. This

realization coincides with Japan's present apathy in matters of foreign policy, with her half-conscious disappointment over Manchukuo, and with her growing weariness of denouncing the 'insincerity' of Russia and China.

Japan seems about to assume new risks. Her active forces always incline to get the better of the economic and psychological situation in this way. Since so many varied and critical factors already exist, the threatening crisis probably can be made only more acute by any increase in the tension of Japan's relations with foreign countries—such as the taking up of Pacific problems or the creation of Anglo-Saxon disfavor. It may be, however, that the increasing difficulties in Europe will endow Japan's new desires with the character of demands that can hardly be refused. As in the World War, a war in the 'Far West' may again solve Japan's economic and psychological problems.

II. JAPAN PREPARES FOR WAR

By E. IOLK

Translated from *Pravda*, Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

IN JAPAN a struggle is now being waged over the projected budget for 1936-1937. As in preceding years, the cause of the trouble is the unreasonably high demands of the War and Navy Ministries. It has already become known that these two Ministries are demanding 1.4 billion yen—300 million yen more than they now receive—whereas the entire budget amounts to only 2 billion yen altogether. The persistence shown by military circles in their ever-growing demands and in the struggle that they

wage for every extra million yen becomes comprehensible only if we realize that the war budget is not only one of the most important sources of money for the technical equipment of the army but also a means of preparing Japanese home industry for some future large-scale struggle.

During the last thirty years Japanese militarism has succeeded in building up a powerful army and a first-rate fighting fleet. Recent events, however, and, in particular, the Shanghai operations of 1932, have revealed

the great technical backwardness of the Japanese army and the inability of Japanese industry to produce all the essential varieties of armaments required by modern warfare.

Thus, beginning in 1932, Japanese military circles tackled the problem of eliminating the disparity between the war-materials industry of the country and the demands, both present and future, of a modern army. The military's threats and the opportune inflation have produced some results. Between 1932 and 1935 Japanese industry has expanded to a considerable degree in certain specific directions.

Recent Japanese books on national economy frankly point out that in the expansion of the home industry the following factors have played a decisive rôle: (1) war orders resulting from operations and construction in Manchuria; and (2) the practice of dumping, which has increased tremendously as a result of the inflation and the consequent 'cheapness' of Japanese goods.

Whereas the growing number of exports has tended to promote Japanese light industry, the war orders have had their effect primarily on heavy industry. The following figures reveal the significance of these military orders. The budget of the War and Naval Ministries for the period of 1932-1935 makes up a total of 3.5 billion yen. The so-called 'extraordinary expenses,' which have gone into armaments and technical equipment for the army, the Manchurian forces, and into naval construction, make up another 1.6 billion yen. During 1933-1935, 777 million yen from the war budget were paid out to civilian industries in a large number of war orders. The above figures include only

visible military expenses, expenses which appear in the official military budget. To this we should add the considerable sums that figure in the budgets of other Ministries and in the special budgets of the South Manchuria Railway, the Nippon Steel Co. at Yawata, and others.

Obviously, these important sums in the hands of the War Ministry are not only a powerful lever for the regulation of the wartime organization of Japanese industry but also a strong means of directing capital investment into warlike channels. The Japanese economic and financial press often complains that the War Ministry, which gives important orders and subsidies to enterprises running at a deficit, thereby compels the companies that it has rescued from bankruptcy to aid it in the increase of the military's power.

This open financial interference by the War Ministry is reinforced by the working of natural economic forces. The profits shown by industries loaded with war orders are extraordinary. For instance, one machine-building company shows a profit of 37 per cent, another shows a profit of 60 per cent, while 46 per cent is the average figure for the chemical factories of the Toyo Rayon group.

High profits have lured capital into heavy industry. A study of investments for the period between 1931-1934 shows that 1.1 billion yen were invested in the three main branches of heavy industry—metallurgy, machine building, and chemical industries—whereas the two most important branches of light industry—textiles and foods—showed a total investment of only 284 million yen in the same period. Paid-up capital in the above-

mentioned branches of heavy industry increased by 33 per cent between 1931-1933 whereas light industry showed an increase of only 12 per cent.

II

What have been the concrete symptoms of the new construction program? Summarizing the various facts quoted in the Japanese press, we conclude that, between 1932 and 1934, in three branches of heavy industry—metallurgy, machine building, and chemical products (to say nothing of the state war industry)—30 important new enterprises have been launched, 15 new departments have been added to former enterprises, and 20 factories have undergone a profound technical reconstruction, which has considerably enlarged their productive capacity.

Among the new enterprises created, the following deserve particular attention—the Showa steel foundry in Anshan, Southern Manchuria, the 700-ton blast-furnace of the Yawata factories, the new aviation factory built by Mitsubishi in Nagoya, the three new aluminum factories in Fushiki, Niigata, and Yokohama, the new Niigata machine-tool factory, the oil refinery and the airplane factory in Tsurumi, and the powerful chemical combine in Dairen, as well as a whole series of important electrical plants.

This new construction reveals certain definite tendencies. It has strengthened the power bases of the country, it has increased the production of steel and light-weight alloys, it has created a domestic aviation and automobile industry, it has increased the production of machine tools, it has modernized a few backward branches

of the chemical industries (sulphuric acid and benzene), and it has rationalized the most important export industries—textiles and rayon.

This industrial expansion had, by the end of 1934, achieved the following results: the productive capacity of Japanese ferrous industry, including Manchuria and Korea, increased by 500,000 tons a year of cast iron over the 1931 level, so that it then stood at 2.6 million tons a year. Steel showed an increase of one million tons and the total production rose to 3.9 million tons a year. Domestic industry expanded to include high-grade steel, aluminum, and light-weight alloys, although these products are still highly dependent upon imports.

In the field of machine building, the most important achievement is the creation of a domestic airplane industry, the yearly productive capacity of which has grown from a few dozen to several thousand motors and airplanes. Very definite steps, moreover, have been taken to create a domestic automobile industry. This industry produced approximately 3,000 cars in 1934, whereas as recently as three years ago its productive capacity was almost zero.

In the field of chemistry we note a marked increase in ammonium sulphate, which has added 200,000 tons a year to its former capacity. Sulphuric acid shows an increase of 10 to 15 per cent, and benzene production has doubled. The rayon industry, which shows a 47-per-cent increase, has attained the figure of 138 million pounds a year. The cotton textile industry has added 1.2 million spindles to its former capacity.

Judging from facts gleaned in the press, the state military enterprises

have also expanded, especially the arsenals, the explosive plants, the airplane factories, and the naval arsenals.

III

It is undeniable that this industrial boom is based on warlike aims. Between 1932 and 1935, Japanese imperialism definitely increased its military resources. At the same time, a whole series of weaknesses, with which it is extremely difficult to contend, continues to assail Japanese economy.

In spite of the large amount of capital invested in heavy industry, it has been impossible to reduce the tremendous importance of light industry, for two branches (textiles and foodstuffs) alone employed in 1931 over 60 per cent of the factory proletariat.

And even heavy industry shows a whole row of weak spots. Pig iron is still one of the most uncertain parts of Japanese metallurgy; the discrepancy between the great metal industry and the inadequate supplies of iron has increased considerably. To-day, as before, Japanese economy is still dependent upon imports of medium and light-weight rolled steel and high-grade steel.

The machine-building industry frankly reveals a lack of proportion—the importance of ship-building and locomotive building coupled with the obvious weakness of motor and machine-tool production. High-precision machine tools, in particular, lag behind the rest.

The automobile industry is still on a low level, and, finally, small enterprises, particularly in machine building, still retain their preponderant rôle. The new construction program has not produced any profound

changes in this field, for 50 per cent of the enterprises that opened between 1932 and 1934 fall in the category of small concerns with a capital investment not exceeding 100,000 yen.

Japanese military circles have exerted considerable effort, and continue to do so, in order to increase the industrial preparedness of the nation. As we have been able to see from the facts cited above, much has been done in this field. But the price of these achievements has been the considerable weakening of the fundamental source of power—the working population of the country. Herein resides the chief weakness of the new industrial 'revival.' The construction program has caused a definite drop in the standard of living of the masses. For the subsequent inflation has cut the actual earnings of the workers by 15 to 20 per cent and has likewise decreased the buying power of the petty-bourgeois rentiers.

Loans have helped to cover this industrial boom, but to-day the interest and principal of its nine-billion-yen debt cost the Government no less than 500 million yen a year, and this sum has to be raised by extra taxes. At the same time, prices have risen.

This darker side of the military-inflationist revival could not escape the notice of the ruling military class. A widely read pamphlet, issued by the War Ministry in May, 1935, in honor of the thirtieth anniversary of the Battle of Mukden, discusses the idea that Japan, which was weak industrially during the Russo-Japanese War, was none the less strong in 'spirit' and national unity. On the contrary, the pamphlet points out, the technical achievements of the nation have not been able to prevent a serious

split in the national unity. The War Ministry goes so far as to admit that 'contemporary national defense is not merely a question of military power; the basic principle of defense is the creation of united support behind government policies on the basis of the

great Japanese spirit. Our internal crisis consists in the weakening of the people's spirit, in the difficult circumstances of the working masses, and in social unrest.' The authors of the pamphlet have indeed spoken the truth.

III. THE YELLOW MAN'S BURDEN

By TOKUMYO MATSUMOTO

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*, German National-Socialist (Non-Party) Monthly

JAPAN'S action in the Far East—the creation of an independent Manchurian state; the negotiations with Chiang Kai-shek, present leader of the Chinese Central Government; the suppression of banditry over an immense district; and the preparations for a new cultural advance—all these have given rise to strange reactions and conceptions in the West. People unfamiliar with the mentality of the East, especially of Japan, speak openly of new imperialist aims, which, they say, Japan is to pursue, thanks to an unusually favorable world situation. Friendly critics consider it reasonable that the people of the Far Islands, with their limited area, should try to find on the Eastern-Asiatic mainland new elbow room for their growing population. But even this judgment harbors a trace of the philosophy of imperialism. It recognizes the vital needs of a nation whom the Great Powers have barred from their door. But, no matter how well-meaning and cautiously expressed, it shows traces of that imperialist idea which has dominated western thought for centuries. One is inclined to transplant one's own state of mind to a people rooted in different philosophic, reli-

gious, and cultural soil. I shall try to point out briefly that the minds of the West and the East are not identical in the degree usually assumed. Perhaps this will best show what is behind the alleged Japanese 'imperialism.'

In the mind of the East the individual is not conceived as something closed off and absolute, to the extent usual in the West. Western man does not seem to realize clearly that he does not represent a little world of his own but rather is nothing more than a link of an endless chain in space and time. As far as time is concerned, the individual is merely the last result of an incalculable succession of ancestors whose beginning lies in the origin of life; and, similarly, he may be succeeded by a long line of offspring that may last to the ultimate end of life. It is only to reach a clearer understanding that I express myself in this way, for beginning and end lie far beyond any cognition and conception of time and space. One will realize without further ado that the individual cannot be separated from this continuity of living tradition but remains tied to the entire series of his ancestors. There is not merely one such line of living tradition, running like a thread from

eternity to eternity; there is an infinite number. They do not run parallel like the warp in a loom; they are tied together in an endless net, which we may call life. Each individual in this net represents a knot, and, just as a single knot cannot be taken out of a net, so an individual cannot be arbitrarily separated from the stream of life; he is, seen as a whole, not an absolute but a relative phenomenon.

This analogy by no means represents all the relationships of the individual to the stream of life; there are many more bonds and ties which a second comparison may illustrate. In our life the evolution of an individual and the course of his existence proceed from a tiny germ cell; it develops, grows, soon reaches a certain level, only to fade away again after a shorter or longer period of existence. The course of such an individual life may be compared to a river springing from a small source and gradually growing into a large stream through innumerable tributaries, big and small, until finally it flows into the sea.

Doubtless the tiny germ cell already contained the traditional concatenation with the entire series of ancestors; but environment, soil, climate, food, intercourse, education, and many more things—not to speak of cosmic radiation and the influence of other supernatural forces—have an effect on the individual similar to that of the tributaries on the stream. They always find expression in the present state of life of the individual. They represent the innumerable biological, physical, and social relationships which connect the individual with his surroundings. Nor have these relationships with the world around us an independent origin. They again are the result of an

incalculable chain of circumstances. In their entirety they are merely a function of the single, universal stream of life comprising all cosmic, material, and spiritual existence. This view obviously leads to a conception of the individual as a relative phenomenon, a mere function of this same stream of life. And what has been said here with reference to the individual naturally also holds good of a group of individuals—a state, a people, a race.

For thousands of years this philosophy has dominated the mind of Eastern Asia, and even to-day it is alive in the mind of Japan. Obviously it must have its practical and ethical effects. The Japanese is steeped in it and thus feels himself much more closely connected to the community than does a member of another culture. The Japanese concentrates all his activity and his thought in the service of the community; he finds in it the purpose of his existence. The joyful subordination of the Japanese soldier in battle and the readiness of the Japanese citizen to make sacrifices for the community are often admired. Inquiries into the motives of this spiritual greatness have never penetrated into the deeper conception of its underlying philosophy. Thus the matter has always remained mysterious to the outsider. How cheap, seen from this standpoint, are those slogans about low cultural and living standards, imperialism, dumping, etc.!

If even the individual lives in this conception of life, how much more must it show in the community, in public life. Community and state are aware not merely of a special obligation toward their members; they find their deeper purpose in the community of nations. As a result a real social

order is sure to develop readily and in such a way that every member takes his rightful place where he can fully develop his potentialities. Thus unemployment and the class struggle are intolerable disorders of the state, and among the noblest duties of a nation is the obligation to remedy such afflictions and to secure a decent existence for all its citizens. In its foreign policy, such a nation will recognize without reservation the peculiarities and the right to existence of every other state, culture, or race, and it will devote its services to the common welfare of the nations of the whole world. Only then does it fulfill its cultural mission and contribute to universal peace.

From the standpoint of the Japanese conception of the state, the universal stream of life without beginning or end has its significant and visible symbol in so-called 'Tenno'-dom. 'Tenno' is a strange designation of the Japanese Emperor, in whom the state is incarnated. The state must be guided solely by laws, by cosmic laws that fit the stream of life. In the eyes of the people the Emperor is the guarantee that, in the community and among individuals, in foreign affairs as well as in domestic ones—the meaning of life indicated above is always clearly expressed.

II

How do Japan's actions appear in the light of this conception? To start with Manchuria, until only a few years ago this beautiful land was an apple of discord in the hands of generals jealously fighting each other, an object of exploitation for robbers and highwaymen. For decades Russia had cast a greedy eye upon it and, in her

insatiable lust for power, had contemplated embodying it in her gigantic realm. The arbitrary rule which had gained ground as a result of these conditions had brought the population to the edge of ruin. It forced Japan to intervene to protect her rights and the life of her settlers. This act of self-defense offered the people of Manchuria the opportunity of realizing the desire for liberation from misrule which they had long harbored and to proceed with the erection of their own independent state. Under the protection and with the help of the Japanese people, this state began to develop. Manchuria recalled from exile and placed on its new throne a scion of its ancient dynasty, which had ruled China from 1662 to 1911. And for the first time in history it experienced the blessings of orderly and peaceful progress.

Whoever has the opportunity of comparing the conditions that once prevailed with those prevailing at present can only express astonishment and render full tribute to the Japanese act of assistance, which was not directed toward imperialist aims. Only the fullest coöperation between the Manchurian and the Japanese States could have produced this result. The two nations desire to continue working together closely, and they energetically resist all disturbing efforts on the Manchurian frontier. Had Japan really harbored imperialist designs, the Manchurian State, which at the time rested completely in her hands, surely would have had a different character. These remarks, incidentally, obviously show that a comparison of the Italian campaign against Abyssinia with that of Japan in Manchuria is not justified.

Nor does Japan pursue imperialist aims in her relations with China. The abuses that once existed in Manchuria still prevail over a large part of China. Here, too, civil war, banditry, and Bolshevist disintegration have destroyed commerce and culture and sunk the population into misery. The further extension of such destruction without doubt represents a serious danger for neighboring states. Thus Japan not only has an interest based on her conception of life and of the state, but she regards it as her clear duty to support China in every way in the restoration of order and culture and in the securing of peace.

Naturally, Japan is ready to allow other states to participate in these acts of assistance for China, but only on condition that these other states do not, under the guise of their support and by means of their insistence on the so-called 'Open Door' in China, pursue a policy of covert imperialism, whether of a political or of an economic character, in order to exploit the country for their own ends. Thus, from the standpoint of her own conception of life and of the state, Japan pursues none but ideal aims in the Far East and desires only to serve the cause of peace and of cultural progress.

All Japanese aspirations, however,

would be futile did she not dispose of a certain power to translate them into action. As a maritime nation she requires a certain fleet strength merely for the security of her own existence. No matter how great the distrust with which Japan's activities are regarded abroad, she will under no circumstances fail in her mission. In the future, too, she will serve exclusively the cause of peace and of culture. Thus she has an undeniable right to demand equality in naval armaments to the extent that they shall be sufficient for self-defense but not for attack.

No matter how often and how loudly Japanese activity is characterized in the West as imperialism and as a danger to the white race, this is nothing more than a primitive projection of an egotistical attitude onto the distant island people. It has no justification whatever when one proceeds from a concept of life such as has been sketched above. Would that Europe, too, might come to understand it better and be able to moderate its exaggerated individualism, that is to say its egotism, which is obviously destroying to-day the life of the individual as well as that of classes, states, and races. Only by means of confidence and coöperation with the Far East can world peace be preserved.

The House of Lords has lost, at the age of 91, one of its most picturesque personalities in the Earl of Morton. He had a great gift for silence, and during all the years that he attended at Westminster as a Scottish representative Peer his voice was never heard in debate.

—*Sunday Times*, London

The editor of the *Manchester Guardian* writes a stinging attack on the Hitler régime, and an average German citizen replies with an enthusiastic defense.

GERMANY— Right *or* Wrong

OR BOTH?

I. THE POLITICS OF SUBSTITUTES

A LEADING EDITORIAL

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester Liberal Daily

IT IS one of the principal endeavors of applied science to discover substitutes for materials that are necessary and either scarce or liable to become scarce. In wartime, when sources of supply may be cut off, this endeavor receives a new impulse. Germany was cut off from almost all her foreign sources by the blockade, and never were so many substitutes thrown on any market as were thrown on the German market during the Great War.

A few of these substitutes were a success—for example, the nitrate that was produced by 'fixing' atmospheric

nitrogen when the Chilean supplies were cut off (though perhaps the word 'substitute' should not be applied to what is chemically the same product, even if obtained in a different way). But most of the substitutes were not a success—the substitute tobacco made of beech leaves, the substitute coffee made of roasted acorns, the substitute textile made of nettle fibre, the sacking and bandages made of paper, the substitute chocolate that was uneatable, the substitute soap that was so gritty that it abraded the skin.

And so the German word for substitute, *Ersatz*, came to have a derisive

meaning. *Ersatz* implied not only the replacement of an original by an imitation of poor quality instead of good but of ordinary sham and deception, for the *Ersatz* articles manufactured in Germany were officially advertised as in no way inferior or even superior to the articles they were meant to replace. The word *Ersatz* came to have even a literary connotation, for after the War it was used of those literary products that were derivative while pretending to be original, of poor execution while proclaimed as the work of a master—products with which the German Republic abounded but which were, unlike the *Ersatz* of wartime, used not merely for home consumption but for dumping on foreign markets. So that when Germans hear the word *Ersatz* they hear more than we do when we hear the word 'substitute.' They feel uncomfortable and suspect that there is something wrong somewhere.

The word had begun to lose its disagreeable and sinister connotations during the years of recovery, but of late it has come into use again. The German people will not fail to have observed that its return is accompanied by a whole series of disquieting and by no means unrelated phenomena—by rising prices, by a growing food shortage, by rearmament, and by talk of war. And they were able to read this word in the proclamation composed by Herr Hitler and read out by Herr Wagner, the Bavarian Home Secretary, to the recent Congress of the National-Socialist Party at Nürnberg. Hitler was careful to explain that by *Ersatz* he did not mean 'substitute' but 'entirely new material,' such as 'synthetic rubber.' But he will not have deceived the

German public, which in all matters relating to *Ersatz* has more experience than any other public in the world.

The connotations of the word *Ersatz* are widening more and more, in fact they have achieved national magnitude. The National-Socialist revolution is in itself *Ersatz*. For what is National Socialism save a substitute for Socialism, a substitute that has both of the essential characteristics of *Ersatz* in so far as it is of inferior quality and much more expensive? And what is Herr Hitler himself except *Ersatz*, a substitute for a true statesman, who in time of trouble would guide the nation by a mature policy and reasoned argument instead of by demagoguery, terrorism, and the hypnotic influence of monomaniac obsessions?

But not only is he himself *Ersatz*; he is the supreme inventor and producer of *Ersatz*. He and his associates have, so he maintains, 'treated their opponents too generously.' The whole civilized world has been horrified by the persecution of the Jews in Germany, by the concentration camps, and the terror. And yet the chief instigator and inspirer of these infamies declares, while putting on a kind of false modesty (an *Ersatz* modesty), that he and his associates have been 'too generous.' In future, he announces, sterner measures will be taken. Have not the Jews been persecuted sufficiently? Is it not enough that more than sixty thousand of them have been driven into exile, that hundreds have been murdered or reduced to physical and mental wreckage, and that they are all being systematically ruined, not to speak of the daily insults and humiliations that are heaped upon them? Is it not enough that the political organizations of the oppo-

nents of National Socialism have been totally destroyed, that the trade unions, the Reichsbanner, and the Stahlhelm have been dissolved, that thousands of political opponents have perished in the prisons, in the camps, or under the blows of the Brownshirts, the bullets of the firing squads, or the axe of the executioner? All this, according to Herr Hitler, so far from being enough, is 'too generous.'

The German people will not be deceived. In wartime there was no help for it. *Ersatz* was a necessity then. But where is the necessity now, the necessity, above all, for *Ersatz* of such magnitude that there is no room for anything else save in the remoter and still uncontaminated reaches of the individual soul and in those churches and cathedrals where, alone of public places, *Ersatz* has not been allowed to enter? All else is *Ersatz*—Hitler is *Ersatz*, the whole National-Socialist rev-

olution is *Ersatz*, the Third Realm is *Ersatz*, science, letters, art, and music are *Ersatz*, politics and economics are *Ersatz* in the Germany of to-day. The 'Aryan' is *Ersatz* for a genuine human being, while fierce intolerance and devilish oppression are *Ersatz* for excessive generosity.

There is one question millions are asking inside and outside of Germany, and it is the supreme question of our day. How long is it going to last? All that can be said in answer is that 'it cannot last forever, and perhaps it cannot last much longer.' Sooner or later the *Ersatz* called the Third Realm and all the other *Ersatz* it contains, supports, and engenders will be swept out of existence. The German people, whose well-being is in the interest of all, will then have been freed from the foulest nightmare in their history, and we shall all be living in a cleaner world.

II. WHY I LIKE HITLER

By DR. K. SCHARPING

Translated from the *Revue des Vivants*, Paris Literary and Political Monthly

I AM twenty-seven years old, six feet tall, like athletics, and have been married for the last fourteen months. I got my doctor's degree in history and subsequently became the editor of a paper. I am not a member of the National-Socialist Party, and I have never been a member of any party. Not being a party member I have no close connections with the State.

Needless to say, I love Germany, and I deeply love this National-Socialist Germany, the Government of Adolf Hitler. My reasons are simple. But it is easier to make one's love for

one's fatherland understandable to a man right there before you than to discourse on the subject in writing to a friend, and especially to a stranger. However, I shall do my best.

I have not always been a convinced National Socialist; that is perhaps because I could not imagine a party that would remain faithful to its program after it had achieved power. But the National Socialists under the direction of their Führer—and this makes them unique not only in the present but in all times—even to-day speak the same words that they used in for-

mer years to win over the majority of the German people, and their actions, now that they are in power, conform to their speech. Is that not an unprecedented phenomenon, which alone should make every German a partisan of the present régime?

It would perhaps be better to cite a few concrete examples. I patronize a large garage in Berlin, and, when I go to get my little car, I often talk to the garage owner. Recently I asked him how his business was progressing, and I was glad to learn that this man, who had only forty customers three years ago, now has one hundred and twenty, so that all his available space is rented. Does not the somewhat higher profit made by this man, who lives not far from the centre of the city, derive solely from the fact that Adolf Hitler is at the head of the State? Should not this business man, who could hardly pay his rent a few years ago, be a convinced National Socialist; indeed, how can he be anything else? National Socialism saved him from a state of permanent crisis, which would inevitably have brought him to ruin and bankruptcy.

Here is another example. To-day in the Berlin butcher shops you can buy meat that has been cooked in its own juice, excellent beef and pork put up in cans weighing one kilogram and costing one mark and fifty pfennigs. The manufacture and sale of these canned goods is only a minor symptom of National-Socialist economy, but the principle behind it is extremely important. Agricultural economy would have suffered a severe loss in the summer of 1934 as a result of the drop in the cattle exchange, and to-day in the large industrial cities we should have an insufficient supply of

meat, were it not for the fact that this preserved meat made it possible to maintain a stable price and to satisfy both the cattle-raiser and the city consumer without lowering the price of the cattle or diminishing the quantity of the available meat.

Here is another example, which is also taken from daily life and which everyone can perceive the minute he arrives in Berlin. I am referring to the effective activity of our police. In the past, the official German police were almost exclusively devoted to the task of discovering and punishing crimes that had already been committed. The police intervened in a crime only when they knew the criminal's plans in advance. But by that time it was already too late.

The Third Reich gives precedence to crime prevention. Hundreds of professional criminals, felons, thieves, etc., are isolated in educational camps, where their anti-social activity is curtailed. For the good of the community they are given a certain number of manual tasks. Criminals who have been recently discharged are compelled to engage in occupations that will save them from relapse. They must be home every day from eleven o'clock at night to six o'clock in the morning, and the police must be informed of this fact.

A regular check-up system, operating without warning, enables the police to see to it that these orders are strictly observed. The result is tangible: everyone in Berlin can rest at ease, for he will not be so easily deprived of his handbag or his car, and his apartment will not suffer undesirable nocturnal visitors. Expressed in numbers, crime in Berlin has dropped 50 per cent.

II

In an old park a pale woman is stretched out on a chair in the shadow of a large tree. On a garden table beside her are a plateful of fresh strawberries, a glass of milk, and a sandwich; also a newspaper and a book. From time to time the happy voice of a child resounds in the weary woman's dreams. Eight years have elapsed since her husband's death. Since then she has never had such a peaceful hour, for she has always had to bend over a sewing machine for ten hours or even twelve hours a day in order to feed herself and her child. She is scarcely able to appreciate the change in her condition. After a long period of misery and care she and her daughter have been granted a vacation. During four splendid summer weeks she may live a carefree existence, and in future she will receive each month a large parcel of goods, which will be sent to her by a young noblewoman. The chief of the National-Socialist Party Relief in her town has secured this vacation for her and for thousands of others. Should not this woman appreciate the inner peace that she owes to the State and gratefully believe in its leaders?

Let us listen to what the carpenter of a small village near Berlin has to say. He is the father of ten children; the eldest is thirteen years old, and the youngest a little over a year. The family consumes twelve loaves of bread and seven pounds of margarine a week. Potatoes constitute the rest of their diet. Their apartment consists of one room and a kitchen.

'Business is nothing to brag about,' the worker says, 'but it is much better than three years ago. For a year and a

half I worked as an ordinary laborer and received seven marks a week. But since the farmers are buying again I have gone back to carpentry.'

'Even to-day everything is n't rosy,' the carpenter's wife interrupts, 'especially when you have so many children. But the older ones take care of the younger ones, and so I can help my husband now and then. And then the Führer always thinks of us. Every month we receive something—in winter it is from the Winter Aid and in summer from the National-Socialist Party Relief. At first I was so overjoyed that I did not know what to do. Just think, we are not Nazis! You can imagine how grateful we are to the Führer.'

The German Chancellor behaves in this fashion toward each one of his compatriots; the relationship between them is quite personal: they are all good friends.

What particularly attracts me, as a young man, in our National-Socialist Germany is the fact that the stagnation which previously threatened to kill all life has definitely disappeared. The latent force that emanates from the person of Adolf Hitler and that he communicates to his men has started up the creative process. We are going ahead. We are doing useful work. Wherever you look you will see progress and evolution. Everyone can read this in the German and foreign press—I have only to recall the Reich motor highways.

But let us take up another subject, one which will perhaps be more comprehensible to the French, who have not had to endure the misery, the stagnation, and the decadence that formerly held sway in Germany. That is perhaps the reason why you French-

men cannot quite understand how the success achieved in so many realms of domestic policy fills our people with confidence and makes it possible for them to await the future calmly.

The same holds true for other initiatives and other successes. If you have learned or taken an interest in the more or less public rebuffs that Germany received at Geneva, you must be surprised to see how other countries have imitated Germany. Consider the work-relief programs elaborated in France, Poland, the Balkans, and the United States. Do you not see that the German example furnished at least a suggestion for all these?

III

I should like to speak about Geneva once more. Many excellent speeches have been heard from the lips of eminent men, before the League of Nations and in all sorts of committee meetings—speeches about the right of self-determination. Do you know that the first point on the National-Socialist program is Germany's right to self-determination? Is not this demand the most natural thing? Would not you and your compatriots ask the same thing for France? Is it not obvious that the great French nation must have equal rights with all other peoples? This demand for equality of rights constitutes the second point on the German National-Socialist program. That is why I love the Government of Adolf Hitler above all else, for he has not only affirmed but also put into practice the equal rights of the German people.

Do not make the mistake of thinking me a war-like man. I am very

nearsighted, and I could never get ahead in the army. For personal reasons I could never bring myself to love the army. But I want to serve, and, as soon as I am called, I shall defend with all my heart the army that protects my fatherland and that was created for this high purpose.

Finally, I should like to mention one more point in the National-Socialist program, a point which constitutes another reason for my belief in National Socialism. I am referring to Point 9: 'All citizens must have the same rights and the same duties.' I know that in the past, as the son of a petty official, I could not hope to succeed unless I had some pull with the party in power. Adolf Hitler's Point 9 clearly marks the goal of a democracy. His Government is working toward this goal. To-day it is personal merit that counts. Among the high officials of the State are men who are not party members. They are there because they are capable and deserve the success they have achieved. And they are working side by side with the old guard, who are also there because they deserve to be.

But, believe me, no one in Germany has to say he is a National Socialist, no matter what position he occupies. You know that millions and millions of men and women have restated their faith in Hitler with their ballots. Do you believe that all these men and all these women had other reasons in voting for Hitler than their confidence in him and their love of Germany? Do you not believe that a party leader who, as the head of the Government, does not forget his former pledges but puts them into execution should be loved and followed?

A Spanish military authority describes the various types of ships which go to make up the modern fleet, estimates the effectiveness of each type, and attempts to predict what will happen if they meet.

The Fleets Meet

By CARLOS MARTÍNEZ DE CAMPOS

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BECAUSE it is impossible to construct a vessel which is both powerful and fast with limited tonnage, the future naval battle will make use of two different types of ships: the battleship, in which power and protection are predominant; and the battle cruiser, where these two factors are subordinated to achieve a greater speed than that of the battleship.

The battleship, whose object is to destroy the enemy ships whatever their nature and tonnage, is a ship in which the artillery power and protection, without yet having reached their peak, are coördinated to integrate within the whole the greatest effort which industry is capable of accomplishing. She is a veritable floating fortress, provided with great guns for the offensive, smaller ones to protect herself against airplanes and lighter craft, and with the indispensable armor plate to meet all the ships of her

own class. She is capable of developing in battle the greatest speed compatible with her weight. Consequently, she is the most important ship in the fleet; at present the others are her auxiliaries: they help her to perform her mission, protect her during the manœuvres and battle, and observe and confuse the enemy.

Concerning the battleship's offensive power, there are two schools of thought: one—founded by Lord Fisher—maintains that it is possible to subordinate protection to speed; the other—that of von Tirpitz—holds it expedient to make protection the dominant factor.

Fisher asserts that speed is itself a kind of armament. But it is so only when engaging in action or getting away from the clutches of the enemy. The true value of speed is revealed when the two contending fleets have equal offensive and defensive powers

(that is, the same number of guns of identical calibre and the same thickness of armor plate); then, and only then, will it be worthwhile to engage in battle.

Slipping out of the enemy fire is another use of speed. If, however, the characteristics of the fleets vary, the greater speed of the weaker fleet will be useful only in avoiding its own destruction: it will never insure the destruction of the other. (This fact is worthy of being taken into account because the destruction of the enemy is the only reason for the existence of the battleship.)

Von Tirpitz, on the other hand, was always an enthusiastic advocate of formidable armor plate. He claimed that his success in battle was due to the fact that his ships could not be sunk, approximating in his ideas Fioravanzo's aphorism that 'the offensive powers of a war fleet rest on its own defensive conditions.' Most of the German divisions which took part in the World War were the product of this idea, and thus they were able to face a fleet superior in numbers and one against which they would otherwise have struggled with the greatest difficulty. At Jutland the *Lutzow* remained afloat in spite of the terrible damage caused by so many direct impacts from the enemy ships. Before being sunk at Dogger Bank (January, 1915), the *Blücher*—a light-armored cruiser—was able to repel, until the last moment, all the attacks that were directed against her. Thanks to her armor plate, she was responsible for one of the most brilliant episodes recorded in naval history. Her firing was so extraordinarily accurate that for some time the British ships had to content themselves with shelling her

from a distance of eight miles. Wrapped in a yellowish cloud which rose from her flames—without controls, lights, telephones, or amplifiers—she bore the brunt of nearly one hundred shells of all calibres; and her turrets were silenced one by one—dismantled by the action of the successive torpedoes.

The *Nelson* class of the English navy, the *Nagato* of the Japanese, and the *Colorado* of the American are the greatest battleships ever built. With their 35,000 tons they are capable of supporting a weight corresponding to at least eight 16-inch guns and 16-inch armor plate, and they can develop a speed of 22 miles per hour. Launched after the Armistice, they conform to a theory halfway between those of Fisher and von Tirpitz. They serve as the foundations of all the navies of the world, and their limited number is due to the limitations agreed upon at the Washington conference in 1922.

But, even though the *Nelson*, the *Nagato*, or the *Colorado* classes are very much like the dreadnoughts with which England began the War, they will never by themselves decide the outcome of a battle. No one conceives two great fleets of battleship divisions trying to come in direct contact with each other's powerful artillery. In every meeting they will need backing, and this will be supplied by the battle cruiser. The battle cruiser is as important as the battleship itself, but in it part of the offensive power is sacrificed for greater speed.

In the battle cruiser, however, appear the two tendencies (protection v. speed) already mentioned. As in the case of their battleships, the English, in constructing three of the *Indomitable* class (18,000 tons) sacrificed pro-

tection only, and so, during the preliminaries of the Battle of Jutland, they suffered the loss of the *Indefatigable* and the *Invincible*, which were both sunk by enemy guns of the same calibre as their own. The Germans, on the other hand, attach extraordinary importance to the armor plate, and there can be no other explanation for the fact that the *Moltke* class, of the van commanded by Hipper, could confront the *Tiger* class, under Beatty, whose bow-chasers were, of course, superior to theirs.

Battleships and battle cruisers constitute the basis for the future great naval battle. They are called 'ships-of-the-line'; and, according to Admiral Scheer, the ship-of-the-line will always be the most potent expression of maritime power.

II

To-day sea battles are won by means of projectiles. Those of the guns are fired with a powerful charge of smokeless gunpowder, while those of the torpedoes are provided with a mechanism which directs and regulates their velocity.

The artillery is directed by the fire-control officer, who is always hidden in the plotting-room or installed in the chart room. There he is kept constantly informed of the distances, measured by the range-finders, the directions, found by the position-finders, and the velocities of the wind, provided by the anemometres: data which, when conveniently assembled, are sent to the different guns by telephone, electric signal, or electromagnetic action, and are used to guide their aim. The guns, mounted usually on great revolving turrets, can be

moved by the fire-control officer or with the aid of their own mechanism. The salvoes are carried out from the plotting-room or at the battery itself, but always at the moment when the lateral inclination of the ship is nil. In spite of inclinometres and the most modern systems of stabilizing, this last condition is very difficult to insure.

The 16-inch gun, maximum allowance of the Washington Treaty, is 65 feet long. It can hurl a projectile weighing 2,400 pounds a distance of 25 miles. The American battleships of the *West Virginia* class and the Japanese ships of the *Mutso* class carry these great guns mounted in pairs on four turrets fore and aft. But the English, seeking greater accuracy of fire, or remembering the lesson of Dogger Bank, have placed those of the *Nelson* and *Rodney* in groups of three on the forward turrets. This permits the most formidable concentration of fire toward the van which science can command.

In 1916 the Germans attained a score of 3.33 per 100 impacts with their 12-inch armor-piercing projectiles. Granting that the improvements which have been invented since are enough to protect ships from the fire of heavy-calibre guns, the *Rodney* will nevertheless be able to hit her target once out of every three salvoes provided that the conditions under which she is working are favorable.

But it is not enough that the projectile should hit the target. Besides that it must fall with a predetermined inclination on the armor plate and must have enough energy to pierce it, its fuse must function, and the bursting charge must wreak enough damage to destroy the buoyancy of the ship. The

Invincible was hit several times at Jutland before her final catastrophe. She did not sink until a shell pierced the roof of one of her turrets and, exploding in its interior, set fire to the corresponding magazine. The *Queen Mary*, before sinking, was hit by nearly twenty projectiles of heavy calibre. The *Malaya*, hit four times, and the *Derfflinger*, with two disabled turrets, fought on until the end of the battle.

In 1916 the ships-of-the-line were sufficiently protected to resist the action of the shells which were then used. To-day, the eternal struggle between the gun and the armor plate has made it necessary to increase simultaneously the calibre of the former and the thickness of the latter. The metallurgy of steel has made great strides. Chrome and vanadium steels have acquired such hardness and elasticity that, without the heat produced by the formidable shock against the wall of the target, the penetration would always be incomplete. The direct impact at the water-line—which, by breaking the walls of water-tight compartments, causes an immense leak, flooding the boilers and paralyzing the ship—cannot be expected at present against a great modern battleship. In a future naval battle the contending parties will have to be satisfied with the effect produced by repeated hits, for the general rule is to build ships in such a way that they may be in a position to resist—before sinking—a tonnage of projectiles equivalent to that which they are capable of placing on their own target.

III

The Washington cruiser was born out of the Powers' need of reaching

an agreement. On agreeing to her tonnage—10,000 tons—the signatory nations at the Washington Conference placed moral convenience before technical reason, coming in this way to a type of ship which has not responded to their need. This type of cruiser is too light to take the place of the old armored cruiser; and, although the Treaty places her maximum calibre at 11 inches, it appears that, armed with these pieces, she has no space left for the engines which she needs nor weight enough for armor plate proportionate to her mission.

Still, all the navies of the world have constructed Washington cruisers: the English, thirteen; the Americans, sixteen; the Japanese, eight; and the French and Italian, seven each. The first American and Japanese examples, which have served as models for the greater part of this class, carry ten 8-inch guns, a smaller calibre than the maximum allowed by the Treaty. But, despite this fact, the armor plate is inadequate. Consequently, the old Washington cruiser cannot fight with others of her own category; for this reason she has undergone radical transformations in the course of her few years' existence. The Allies of 1914 have been inclined to reduce the number and calibre of the guns. The United States and Japan began to arm their second series with nine pieces only; France and Italy reduced theirs to eight. But when, in spite of these reductions, the naval Ministries saw the impossibility of building a ship which could take care of itself even under special circumstances, they all turned to arming their Washington class with guns of light calibre. The United States has armed her third series with 6-inch guns, and, because of the greater

thickness of the armor, this has caused some uneasiness in the naval world.

The Germans, however, have sought an opposite solution: by improving their materials, discovering very light alloys, building strong but thin armor plate, and altering the internal mechanism of the ship, they have arrived at their *Deutschland* and *Preussen*, cruisers armed with four 11-inch guns and protected by armor plate proportionate to the calibre of the guns but in which the tonnage agreed upon seems to have been slightly exceeded. These are the famous 'pocket battleships,' which this time have caused the navy departments of all countries real worry.

The Washington cruiser, then, will have to defend herself by means of her speed: by dint of avoiding being hit. So it is impossible to determine beforehand what tasks she will perform with success.

As scouting ship of a high-seas fleet, she will meet with the consequences inherent in her light armor. Removed from the fleet, she will have to face ships of smaller displacement, armed with guns of a calibre similar to hers, to which she will not be able to apply any pressure; she will have to manoeuvre rapidly and return without having imposed her will. These great fast cruisers, therefore, will be limited to watching the movements of enemy ships, information which they will send by radio to their respective fleets. To this end, however, lighter cruisers could be employed with greater success.

And, if they will find it difficult to perform their duty in a wide field, in which they can put all their speed to use, their task will be still more difficult when they are restricted to a zone

in which more powerful ships are moving, in relation to which they are employed as a screen. The security of convoys, the immediate defense of battleships, the watching of a strait or coast zone must always be entrusted to more powerful or faster ships; they must be entrusted, according to the need, to the old armored cruiser or to the high-speed vessels about which more will be said below.

IV

The invention of the torpedo created the need for faster and more manageable ships than those of the line, ships which could be used to approach the ships-of-the-line, fire on them, veer, and vanish completely. As an answer to this need, the first torpedo-boats were launched. They weighed only a few hundred tons, and all the space and weight available in them were devoted to the mounting of the firing apparatus and the storing of the corresponding supplies. Here, then, was an inexpensive ship, manned by a small crew, which, it was hoped, might sink a battleship. The risk she ran was insignificant compared with the results she might obtain.

So interesting was the innovation that the first torpedo-boats revolutionized the ideas of seamen. In France the so-called *Jeune École* arose. Its followers held that, instead of uselessly trying to achieve parity with the English in tonnage and number of ships-of-the-line, it was better to direct all the naval efforts of the nation to constructing light ships like the torpedo-boat, to inflict heavy damage on the blockading squadrons, and fast cruisers and gunboats, to avail themselves of the gaps made in

the enemy's ranks by the former and to engage in pirate warfare on the high seas.

The new men-of-war, however, soon showed their faults. Their short cruising radius, low speed, and lack of seaworthiness prevented them from going far from their base and made their navigation difficult. Soon they were being made heavier. The so-called torpedo-destroyers were nothing but light torpedo-boats the tonnage of which was continually increasing, even if this increase was almost wholly given to the number and calibre of the guns. Before long the one-thousand-ton mark was exceeded, and they were on their way to two thousand when the English destroyer came into being.

In the Scarborough and Hartlepool bombardments—toward the end of 1914—the German torpedo-boats, in spite of the enthusiasm and splendid training of the crews, were unable to take part. During the night they traversed their respective zones several times without establishing any contact whatever with the ships of the defense, while by day, because of the fog and the rough sea which swept violently over their decks, in order to fire they would have had to face the enemy less than two miles away, thus exposing themselves to certain destruction. Later on the destroyers and torpedo-boat destroyers were employed with real success in watching extensive zones, and during the Battle of Jutland they were used defensively to lessen the effect of the enemy's fire.

The true torpedo-boat destroyer weighs more than fifteen hundred tons. She is armed with six 4.7-inch guns and an equal number of torpedo tubes, and for this reason she is able

to face with advantage the old torpedo-boats. But on increasing her weight she runs greater risks, so that after reaching a certain limit, the destroyer, with her great speed and relatively small torpedo power, is restricted to the simple mission of intimidating the enemy. These ships are called flotilla conductors, although at the head of an array of destroyers, with their relatively more vulnerable hulls, they are likely to have to leave the rest of the unit without doing any 'conducting' at all. An interesting example is the *Epervier* of the French. She weighs 2,480 tons, makes 15 knots on a rough sea, and has 8 torpedo tubes.

Strategically and tactically these different classes of lighter craft make very powerful auxiliaries, ready to reënforce the air wing effectively, to maintain a close watch over maritime communications, to link themselves, in time and space, to the evolutions of a great fleet, and to attend to the secondary operations which may be carried out—such as coast attacks or defense, blockades, protection of convoys, and transport of land forces. Grouped in special flotillas, they form part of the principal nucleus or of the port-defenses. Always ready to sail, they constitute the very foundations of security.

V

Submarine navigation has given the armada another medium for the use of torpedoes: the submarine—a ship furnished with electric motors and storage batteries to sail under immersion and with fuel and an internal-combustion motor to move on the surface. Her main weapon is the torpedo, but she does not use it in the same way

as the destroyers. When sailing under water she has a speed much inferior to that of the other ships, so that under normal conditions she is able neither to overtake her prey nor to use, in most cases, the radiotelegraphic messages which she intercepts. Normally, she acts in wait; she places herself on the most probable route and awaits—submerged or on the surface—the arrival of the enemy. Under these conditions her efficiency can be immense; but, in battle, up to now, she has been good only for compelling the enemy to keep going at top speed.

The submarine has guns, which she uses every time the opportunity presents itself (if the effect desired can be obtained with a couple of shells only), for it is to her convenience to keep her torpedoes for the big occasions. She can carry 12-inch pieces on board, but she usually carries pieces of 4.1 and 4.7 inches, with mountings for firing against airships. Besides that, she usually carries machine-guns for anti-aircraft purposes, mines, and even a catapult, with its reconnoitring plane. Finally, she is provided with hydrophones, which are very useful, especially at night.

Submarines are classified according to size and radius of action. The smaller ones—class A—weigh around 500 tons; they have the lowest speed and the smallest radius of action and are used normally in defensive operations in zones near their own bases. Those of class B are somewhat faster; they have a greater radius of action, weigh between 800 and 1,000 tons, and are used frequently in coöperation with surface ships, for which reason they are sometimes called squadron submarines. Those of class C weigh at least 1,500 tons, and they

carry great deposits of fuel and important offensive elements.

In proportion, the submarine—because of the conditions under which she operated in the last war—has suffered the heaviest losses. Her casualties were counted by entire crews, which went down with the ship even through an inconspicuous damage in the immersion mechanism. Under the water have occurred horrifying scenes and heroic deeds without number. Of the 12,000 submarine operators who took part in the War, no less than 5,000 perished.

The direct protection of fleets which have taken refuge in the ports, or any other kind of sheltering, is carried on, under very favorable conditions, by the so-called torpedo launches. These ships are light in weight and have a small radius of action, but, being endowed with great speed, they have replaced the old torpedo-boat in their struggle against submarines which approach their own bases. Under the general denomination of 'MAS'—formed from the initials of *motoscafo antisommergibili*—they were widely used by Italy in the last War; and, with the title of *Schnell Boot*, they permitted the Germans to carry out a defense of extraordinary intensity around their various ports. Their tremendous speed gives them a certain superiority over all ships within their reach; if able to surprise the enemy, they are better able than torpedo-boats, destroyers, and cruisers to place themselves at the most convenient distance, so that their fire will not miss.

At present there are two principal classes of torpedo launches: one large, of some forty tons and 38 miles per hour, of which Italy alone possesses

more than fifty; and one small, which can approach less than 1,300 yards from the enemy in a surprise manœuvre.

The gunboat, of low speed and light weight, but endowed with a great radius of action, is admirably fitted to attend to the protection of convoys. But the ships built with this end in view are not numerous; it is most likely that from now on there will be recourse to various ships of war of antiquated characteristics and to an interminable series of transports, fishing-boats, and tug-boats, conveniently equipped with steel nets and all kinds of bombs for use against the submarine.

VI

Having enumerated the different classes of ships which will take part in the future naval battle, we now turn to aëronautics.

To-day circumstances are very different from what they used to be. The aircraft carrier has in the course of a few years acquired such importance that one of the first cares of the Washington Conference was to fix the maximum tonnage for each of the navies represented. The United States has built two of the *Lexington* class, weighing 33,000 tons and equipped with 8-inch guns and space for 120 airplanes. England has the *Argus*, *Hermes*, *Eagle*, *Furious*, *Courageous*, and *Glorious*, with a total weight of more than 100,000 tons and space for up to 130 planes apiece, of all classes and sizes. Japan has launched the *Riudobo*, *Kaga*, *Akagui*, and *Hosbo*, which accord with the most modern conception of war on the sea.

Nevertheless, it is not easy to determine the precise way in which this

latest branch of naval construction will act. The last War ended without aëronautics playing a decisive part. The success obtained by the German dirigibles was rather fleeting, and, as for the seaplanes, they were not capable of arriving in time for the battle.

The air forces attached to a fleet of the high seas will undoubtedly rain their chemical material on the enemy; they will place smoke or gas screens on the most probable routes; they will drop heavy explosive shells on the decks of the ships; and they will come as near as they can to the ships-of-the-line to fire their torpedoes on their respective flanks.

But chemical warfare is difficult to carry out. Phosgene and other suffocating agents decompose easily when the atmosphere is charged with water vapor. Tear- and sneeze-producing gases, such as the different arsines, are more stable in humidity; they will compel the enemy to wear gas masks, thus causing some difficulty in firing accurately. Blister-producing gases, of which mustard gas is the most important, have decisive results, although their effect at sea is retarded; but they alone will never win a battle. Poisonous gases of the category of hydrocyanic acid are in general volatile, so that they will have little or no effect when falling on the steel plates of a modern battleship.

The smoke screens have a more definite effect. They are, of course, of a defensive character. They will be used during the retreat. They will serve to hinder the enemy fire, to frustrate the action of the destroyers, and to confuse the enemy as to movements and intentions. Airplanes will fly from time to time just to deceive the enemy.

Interesting experiments have been carried out with explosive bombs. The *Alabama*—an old battleship of the American navy—was sunk in thirty seconds by one lone projectile weighing a ton. On the other hand, the *Washington*, weighing 32,600 tons, resisted a similar shock from a shell dropped from a height of 1,300 yards. The thickness of the deck armor is always less than that of the hull of the ship, but thick enough in the latest battleships and battle cruisers not to be pierced by most of the devices now in use. Not so, however, with light cruisers, and still less with torpedo-boats and destroyers. But these ships are more difficult to reach, not only because of their smaller size but also because of their greater mobility.

Finally, the torpedo is in itself the most potent and sure medium. It is capable of sinking any ship by just falling correctly on its flank. The only difficulty lies in aiming it, for the airplane will not always be able to fly low enough so that the torpedo will fall on the water without losing its position and also because, even if it can fly low enough, it will not be able, at times, to give the most convenient direction.

All ships have been equipped with armor and armament against airplanes. Against aviation in general ships protect themselves with light guns, automatic guns, and machine-guns. The belt of armor plate and various armored bridges not only prevent piercing by the gun projectiles but also protect the ships from torpedoes and bombs; likewise they are useful in keeping gases from the interior of the hull.

But, in spite of all the systems of protection and elements of defense,

the tendency is to increase the number of units of naval aviation. The greater the number of planes ready for a decisive battle, the greater the hopes of coming out victorious. And, as the airship is cheaper and quicker to construct than a man-of-war, the different countries are supplementing their naval armadas with aerial ones, which increase in power every day. The great battleships may be invulnerable from the air, the destroyers may evade the powerful seaplanes, certain submarines may disappear from the surface quickly enough to avoid being sighted by planes, but a fleet at anchor will never escape entirely from a furious air attack carried out by well-instructed and determined bombarding squadrons. This, and no other, is the reason for the construction of new aircraft carriers, whose part in a future battle may be consequential and even decisive.

In the future naval battle, the bombarding element of the fleet—even if it consists of a pair of aircraft carriers of suitable capacity—will not be enough to attack successfully an enemy fleet of some importance. It is not probable that the airplanes will be able to make more than one trip at a time because their reloading takes time, and besides it is a rather difficult operation. Then the possibility of airplanes approaching the field of battle from air bases on the coast of their respective nations depends on the characteristics of the planes available and the conditions in which the battle develops.

The fighting planes, because of their small radius of action, will be the last to take off; their duty is to repel the enemy planes which try to come near the ships-of-the-line. To this end they will rise *en masse* every time that

previous information or reconnoitring point out the imminence of an air attack.

And, in the future naval battle, not only will the innumerable airplanes (fighting and bombarding) of the aircraft carriers take part, but also on board all ships there will be seaplanes of many sizes. The warships, with their screws turning at maximum speed, will lower inclined ramps to pick up the airplanes which their own catapults have launched. The great liners, transformed into aircraft carriers, will approach the war zone, and, before the battle begins, they will set free the machines which are to take part in it. Compensating in this way for the lack of a near-by air base, they will discharge the mission which was to be entrusted to the first aircraft carriers, even though holding at a certain distance from the bulk of the fleet to keep out of trouble.

VII

The fleet may be employed for (a) protecting the sea communications or obstructing those of the enemy; (b) defending the nation's coastline or operating against that of the enemy. Its mission is heterogeneous; it depends on the geographical situation, length, and shape of the coastline, and economy of the nation.

The national war policy may restrict the fleet to purely defensive purposes (this is possible in a country like the United States, which produces all it needs in time of peace or war) or take to the offensive, as Germany did during 1914-1918, when her sea communications with the rest of the world were of vital importance to her.

The dominion of the sea may be

gained by a decisive battle. But, in order to avoid this final encounter, in which fortune may prove adverse, the belligerents will have recourse to a series of partial actions, derived from the political-naval plan adopted in high government circles. In 1904 the Japanese gained maritime superiority over Russia, in Far Eastern waters, by executing a preliminary attack before the declaration of war. On the other hand, the Germans, in 1915, had recourse, as everybody knows, to submarine warfare, insidiously destroying all the enemy transports found on the seas. In this way they made up for the naval superiority the British had over them. They intimidated the neutral nations, and, as a result of this, the United Kingdom for some time was as much in a state of blockade as Germany herself. The Germans developed a strategy in which the clashes never came up to the category of a naval battle.

The object of the blockade may be the neutralization of the enemy's naval forces so as to avoid all kinds of attacks on the nation's commercial convoys, or to deprive the enemy of the raw materials which are absolutely necessary for continuing the struggle. In any case, it must be carried out immediately with warships and mine fields laid in the neighborhood of the most important outlets or spread at a distance with barrages over a greater area and naval forces ready to fall unexpectedly on any ship trying to break through the line.

In the beginning of October, 1914, the British Admiralty announced the installation of a mine field of some thousand square miles which was to close the west entrance to the English Channel, allowing only two narrow

passages along the English and French coasts. But the results obtained were not very substantial, not only because of its thinness, but also because of the uncertainty of the device used. Later on, without much success either, barrages were set up made of immense nets, held by floats, on which powerful bombs were sometimes hung. Still later, for the entrance of the Thames and the coast of Holland, a combination of mines and nets was used. And, lastly, a unique system was adopted, one capable of weathering all kinds of tempests and undersea currents: between Folkstone and Gris Nez Cape 9,500 combinations were placed in ten parallel lines and at different depths, thus obstructing communications with the Atlantic completely: within a few days ten ships were sunk. And, when the Armistice was signed, the famous Northern Barrage, east of the Orkneys, was already under construction; it was 250 miles long and was to contain more than one hundred thousand mines on fifteen lines and at intervals of only 225 feet.

During the last conflict one of the main difficulties arose from the fact that the enemy's whereabouts were always unknown. The *Goeben*, at the beginning of the War, held the entire Mediterranean forces of the allies at bay because no one knew her exact intentions or where she was at any given moment. The *Emden* carried on her famous excursion far from any port and without hopes of getting aid or finding a refuge. But, in future, the difficulties will be of a different char-

acter. The exact whereabouts of the enemy will be easier to determine; new inventions will help toward preventing the interception of messages, and also toward verifying those obtained from various sources; short and ultra-short waves will simplify the transmission; and aëronautics will play a part which it was far from playing during the World War. All this leads to the belief that in a future naval war there will be a decisive battle only if the contending parties want it or are willing to accept it; otherwise, they will satisfy themselves with threatening the communications of their opponent and with hoping that he will divide his forces so as to enable them to attack and destroy them separately. A great naval battle is even less probable in the future than it was in 1914-1918, for one of the belligerents will always be inferior to the other.

From now on France will devote increasing attention to her communications with Algeria, contact point with the rest of her colonial empire. England will attend to her own coastline and to the security of the different naval bases which she has established along the road to India. Italy will bind herself as best she may to her future ally, and so on.

In every case the desideratum of a fleet consists in being able to exercise the dominion of the sea, or at least the dominion over that maritime zone most vital to the nation. And this can be attained only with the aid of a force which is absolutely certain to destroy the enemy should they come face to face.

Persons and Personages

THE KING OF KINGS

By DR. SASSARD

Translated from *Vu*, Paris Topical Weekly

ON NOVEMBER 28, 1909, Emperor Menelik, who had been paralyzed for a long time, succumbed to a last attack. His death was kept secret until December 11, 1913, on which day the succession to the Ethiopian throne was officially pronounced open.

At first sight it does not seem that this succession should have caused any complications. Menelik's natural successor was Lij Yasu, and, indeed, on February 1, 1919, Lij Yasu made his formal entry into the good city of Addis Ababa. The majority of the chieftains, who had come from the provinces, escorted him, and displayed before the eyes of the amazed people magnificent head-dresses made of lions' manes.

Among them was a little, thin, inconspicuous man, who walked as though in a dream. He would have been completely unnoticed had it not been generally known that royal blood flowed in his veins and that he was Prince Tafari. He himself was practically unknown, but the name of his father, Ras Makonnen, cousin and 'brother by friendship' of Menelik, was well remembered. Since the latter wanted his children and Ras Makonnen's to be brought up together, Lij Yasu and Prince Tafari were, if not friends, at least old acquaintances. At that time no one would have supposed that the young Tafari would covet the throne, for he was governor of Harrar Province and everyone believed that he would rest content with his governorship.

With its usual malignity, fate intervened. A few months later, Lij Yasu clumsily alienated the all-powerful party of the priests by playing the game of the European Powers and Islam somewhat too officially. He went so far in this direction that the supreme leader of the clergy publicly deposed him. Ras Tafari Makonnen was appointed heir apparent, and the Empress Zaoditu was named regent. This regency was not spectacular, and the quarrels that ensued never took on a tragic character. At the end of several years a prolonged bath in ice-cold holy water while the patient was suffering from double pneumonia put an end to both the regency and the regent, and made Ras Tafari Makonnen emperor.

Then the coronation took place. Ras Tafari changed his name and became the Emperor Haile Selassie I. The date marks the beginning of

the official European history of Ethiopia, which then became a real nation. This transformation was sanctioned by the League of Nations when it took the Ethiopian delegates into its bosom.

I have often seen the man who accomplished all this, and I have often spoken with him. Every interview gave me further reason to admire and respect this sovereign, who is so different from those who surround him, and from his own people, and who is so superior to them.

THE imperial palace is in a pitiful state. Imagine a large, dark room in which you can hardly distinguish anything when you first enter. As your eyes get accustomed to the darkness, you discover a long row of red and gilt armchairs that lead to a dais on which stands a couch. The Emperor is there, sitting motionless. His finely chiseled hands are resting on his silk cape. They, too, are motionless, expressionless. His head is very beautiful, with curled hair, a shapely, slightly arched nose, and a thoughtful mouth with only the lower lip overprominent. His beard and moustache are abundant and fine. In his motionless face only his eyes seem alive—brilliant, elongated, extremely expressive eyes. They bespeak boredom as well as polite indifference, cold irony, or even anger. The courtiers know these different expressions well and retire suddenly when the monarch's glance becomes indifferent, then hard. On the other hand, especially when he is dealing with Europeans, his eyes know how to be soft, caressing, affable—and even sincere. Is it a question of technique? Perhaps, but not entirely, for this man, whose thoughts are so secret, who remains so completely master of himself, is betrayed by his eyes and often keeps them obstinately lowered.

The Emperor speaks in a soft, careful voice. His French is rather slow, but flawless. He understands everything that is said to him, even in the course of a rapid and varied conversation, but with strangers he prefers to use an interpreter.

He is generally very simply dressed: trousers that fit the legs tightly and an Abyssinian tunic that reaches the knees; over the tunic a white cape, or perhaps a brilliantly colored one with an embroidered collar; on his head, a colonial hat or more rarely a felt one; in his hand, a cane; and, lastly, as a special privilege of royalty, His Majesty wears European shoes. A great many of the chieftains imitated their king, so that recently an edict was promulgated forbidding anyone to wear shoes in the presence of the Emperor. An exception is made for those who have medical certificates declaring the necessity of the bearers' wearing shoes and the grave danger of their going barefoot.

The Negus is frequently and seriously ill; nor does he suffer from the diplomatic maladies so frequent both in Ethiopia and in the European courts, but from a state of chronic weakness and constant over-

strain that only his will can control. Since it has been my privilege to take care of His Majesty, it does not behoove me to give any medical details on the subject, and yet I can declare that I have always been surprised by the reserves of energy and courage that exist in so frail a body. Moreover, one is definitely impressed by the fact that the Emperor has only the most limited confidence in medicine, generally speaking, and in European medicine, in particular. He himself employs a Greek physician, who for many years had combined the duties of secret doctor and Greek consul at Addis Ababa. Sometimes the state physicians are called, in which case each one in his turn examines the august patient, draws up a verdict, and departs. When all the physicians have left, the priest or the sorcerer is called.

The private life of the Emperor is exceedingly simple, and Europeans who imagine him as a kind of oriental satrap will be very disappointed. The sovereign devotes only a few minutes to his meals. From daybreak to late at night he works and prays. His private apartments are—we may as well admit it—sordid. For this reason a new palace was constructed a few months ago. Unfortunately, it was made of modern building materials and furnished in the European fashion, so that it looks more like a department store or a Broadway moving-picture house than like the palace of the King of Kings.

In order to save his time the Negus gives few interviews, and those short. He listens seriously and with kindness. His younger son sits at his right, and in this way the lad gradually learns the job of being king. During the entire audience, an angry little dog constantly barks his noisy approval or disgust out of turn.

In spite of his fear of losing time, two or three times a year His Majesty receives the Europeans permanently residing in Addis Ababa as well as those traveling through the city. At the occasion of a royal birth or a coronation three groups—first, the diplomats; second, the government officials; and, third, the public—are allowed to pay their respects to the King. The diplomats are entitled to a few minutes of conversation, a little champagne, and several cookies. The government officials are allowed to shake hands personally with the King. The public presents its greetings in a group and departs likewise.

I shall do no more than mention the imperial banquets, although they deserve more than such brief attention. Two large tables, shaped like horseshoes, are arrayed in one of the ballrooms. They are joined by an intermediate table, at which the Emperor presides with the wife of the Dean of the Diplomatic Corps sitting at his right. Etiquette is strictly respected, with the not infrequent result that a young European woman has to spend three hours between two Ethiopian chieftains who do not speak a word of French. But these are small details . . .

The courses, international in nature and generally cold, follow one another in slow succession. Their arrival is announced by tiny lamps, which are lit up on all the tables and which are extinguished after the course has been served. Behind a screen a native orchestra plays its most beautiful airs—first the Imperial Hymn and lastly the March Tafari. The waiters are a group of powerful young men, who chat with you informally. They wear white stockings and gloves and a Louis XV tunic in the Ethiopian colors. All this spectacle is extremely amusing at the beginning, but later one is rather inclined to regret the unsuccessful imitation of European courts, when the native Abyssinian customs have such charm and dignity.

THE imperial family is very closely knit. Her Imperial Majesty does not seem to take any interest in the affairs of state. She lives in retirement, surrounded by her attendants and her confessors. She asks for little and rarely makes any request of the Emperor, and for this reason, no doubt, she always obtains what she wants. Of all her children only the boys have any importance. The daughters have been carefully married off and have willingly lent themselves to political unions designed to insure the greatest welfare and the greatest tranquillity of the Empire. No one pays any attention to them, and from the day when they have made peace secure in a particular section of the territory their rôle is over. The attention of the public and of Europe is directed at the two sons of the Sovereign. The first, the heir apparent, is now about twenty-five years old. He generally lives far removed from the capital, surrounded by spies, restricted in any independent action he may take, frequently and harshly rebuked by his father from the capital. He is surrounded by a certain number of discontented people who, at odds with the present régime, hope for better things in the future.

Prince Makonnen, who is about ten years old, is his father's great favorite. We have seen him at the official interviews, and he is also present at the official dinners and receptions. His father has just entrusted him with the government of Harrar Province, the very one that he himself formerly administered. Whereas a teacher was not accorded to the heir apparent, a whole retinue of French educators has been designated to take care of the last-born son. The Emperor follows the course of his education with the greatest interest. He has even checked the desires of his own heart and, with a few exceptions, does not allow himself the pleasure of seeing his son more than once a week. The teachers are no less closely watched than their pupil, and they are rebuked in no uncertain terms when their initiative, though motivated by the best of intentions, does not correspond with the imperial wishes. The young prince is not very diligent, but he is alert and gifted with intellectual

curiosity. He has good sense, but he is perhaps a little too aware of his exalted birth and the destiny that he believes to be awaiting him. In any case, it is unquestionably in him that all his father's hopes are centred.

It would be vain to study the character of Emperor Haile Selassie. Too many elements arise to falsify our judgment and prevent us from getting a broad view. Certain characteristics, however, are readily observed; but we must consider each one separately and not be over-anxious to reach a definite conclusion. First and foremost, we must give the Emperor credit for having lent prestige to moral values in his country and for having made courage, work, and persistence respected in a land where only physical force had any value.

If there is any one thing that differentiates His Majesty from the Ethiopian people, it is intellectual curiosity. A cultured Ethiopian has only the vaguest interest in European inventions, new machines and unknown methods. The Emperor, on the contrary, is passionately interested in everything new and immediately envisages the possibilities of applying these inventions to his Empire. This desire for improvements does not always bear fruit, but its very existence is important.

A few months ago the Emperor came to the Menelik Hospital and witnessed the amputation of a foot. I performed the operation with spinal anæsthetic. I had to give the ruler all sorts of details about this new method of anæsthesia, the mechanism employed as well as the product itself. The Emperor witnessed the entire operation, unlike his Minister of War, who seemed rather bored by the sight of blood and walked out. When the operation was over, the Emperor asked to see the tube that had contained the anæsthetic and carefully copied down the name in his little notebook. The name of the product that made it possible to cut off a foot painlessly and without putting the patient to sleep was, in his sight, worthy of memory.

A few months later the Emperor asked me to draw up a small treatise of practical medicine and surgery to be used by nurses and persons living in far-removed provinces. I went to work, rounded up the translators, the copiers, the draftsmen, until one day I discovered that this long-range work interested no one except me.

THE impartial observer, or he who tries to be one, will find the Ethiopian ruler either kind or cruel, as the case may be. For my part, I shall never forget with what generosity he allowed me to go away for a month to see my wife, who was seriously ill in Europe. He is kind toward the poor and the weak, but he does not know how to forgive. I like to believe that in these cases he is sacrificing kindness to justice and the superior interests of the country. The Emperor loves his people above all

else. He knows that God has entrusted him with a mission, and he wants to fulfill it. Unfortunately, his constant worry and suspicion stand in his way. I brought the seriousness of syphilis to the attention of his Majesty and pointed out the terrible infant mortality it occasions. Each time I thought I had made myself understood; each time the Emperor gave orders to his Ministers; but, in the final analysis, nothing was even begun.

Some day I shall discuss the question of Ethiopian administration and Ministries. For the moment, let us simply take note of the fact that the numerous Ministers are generally more or less related to the Emperor and that the Emperor considers the granting of a portfolio a simple method of calming a noisy cousin or a belligerent vassal. It is not necessary to add that the Ministers do nothing and that the effective work is done by the directors of the Ministries. The majority of these are young Abyssinians who have generally been brought up by missionaries, and who have arrived at their present position by dint of hard work. Thus there is a constant struggle between the directors and the Ministers—for the greater tranquillity of his Majesty the Emperor.

The King of Kings constantly needs money, in spite of the considerable revenue that he derives each year from the different international banks in which he has deposits. Disorder and misadministration make each Ethiopian Ministry a bottomless barrel into which money flows without producing any results. Thus it happened that when, as heir apparent, he went to Europe, the Emperor had to withhold a month's salary from each official in order to cover the expenses of his trip. Recently, the several millions necessary for the purchase of arms and munitions were raised by means of a 20-per-cent cut on the salaries of government officials.

What is the relationship between the Emperor and his people? The Ethiopian people love and respect the master that God has given them, but they want to see him, to touch him, to hold conversation with him; and this explains why the present ruler enjoys so little popularity among his people. Unquestionably, he knows how to conform to the customs of the land—how to place a stone on his shoulder and, followed by his people similarly equipped, how to start building a new road. A few months ago, when crates of cartridges and guns were being unloaded at the station, I saw him take the first crate himself and carry it to the waiting truck. But in all these manifestations he preserves a dignity and even a majesty that restrain popular enthusiasm.

The good Ethiopian people adored Menelik, who did not hesitate to sit down on a flat stone at the roadside and patiently render justice—Menelik who was a great emperor and whose name to this very day makes people bow their heads. The terrible Lij Yasu himself was loved

for his courage, his strength, and even his cruelty. The people respect the present Emperor but love him less: for he is one who rides rapidly through the streets of the capital in an automobile. One cannot approach him readily. He has been forced to raise the taxes; and he is not a warrior.

'What will we do with this businessman?' an important Abyssinian leader said to me last summer when we were speaking about a hypothetical Italo-Abyssinian war. The Emperor will undoubtedly fight at the head of his troops. He will know how to fight bravely and how to die bravely. But he will never be a leader of men, the chief of the wild hordes that his predecessors were. The Emperor knows this; and the knowledge saddens him.

Europe has many grievances against the Emperor, and the reproaches that were made at the time when Ethiopia entered the League are even more alive to-day than ever before. Is Haile Selassie really the master of his Empire and of all his people? Has he done his best to combat slavery? Has he prevented the contraband of arms and munitions in so far as this is in his power? These questions are not readily answered. Let us measure what remains to be done; but let us not forget to take cognizance of what has already been accomplished. One thing must be conceded: Emperor Haile Selassie inherited a savage country, and to-day he rules over a semi-civilized land. He has had to execute his task of construction while, day by day, intrigues were being hatched against him among his vassals, among his friends, even in the heart of his own family. And fortunate was he if at the very time when he had to struggle with internal difficulties he was not also brought face to face with foreign ambitions more or less brutally expressed.

LOUIS-FERDINAND CÉLINE

By LEV NIKULIN

Translated from *Pravda*, Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

THE years immediately following the World War may be rightly called the years of awakening and disillusionment. The generation that fought in the War understood the futility of the sufferings it had endured, lost all faith in the world that the imperialists had built up, and was brought face to face with the inability of capitalism to create decent living conditions for the masses of the people. Some of those who took part in the World War reached definite conclusions and threw themselves into the struggle against the capitalist system. Others failed to see the perspectives of the new world and were plunged into hopelessness and

despair. Louis-Ferdinand Céline, author of *Voyage au bout de la nuit*, has expressed this disillusionment and cynicism with unparalleled force.

The man who wrote the book was not originally a man of letters. His work was rather a happy accident, and the author himself scarcely believed that his thousand-page manuscript would ever be published. He took his work to his publisher without leaving his address, and, if the author was ever discovered at all,—so the biographers tell us,—it was because a laundry bill had slipped in between the pages. Since *Voyage au bout de la nuit* is an autobiography, the story of its author becomes doubly interesting.

In answer to a literary questionnaire, Céline wrote, 'In the course of my life, I spent so many years as a bard, a hero, an official, and a door-mat in the service of so many thousands of madmen that my memories alone would fill a whole insane asylum.'

To-day Céline (whose real name is Destouches) is forty years old. His father was a schoolteacher, and his mother a seamstress who made clothes for the workers in their district. When Céline was twenty years old he took a job in a ribbon factory. That same year he was called to the front, where he won a war medal and got shell-shock. In fact, he was so seriously hurt that they sent him back from the front. Lying in the hospital, he thought of the hell that he had just escaped.

During the long nights in the hospital ward Céline meditated on the militarists' mad lies and the fate of a young man whose heart is consumed with fear 'of being killed in wartime and dying of hunger in peacetime.' He thought of all those things that he was later to write about in his remarkable book.

Céline went to Africa as a petty official for a commercial enterprise. Here he also studied medicine. Fortune smiled on the luckless man, and, returning to France, he wrote a dissertation on a very difficult subject relating to nervous disorders. The medical faculty of the University of Rennes awarded him a gold medal, and Céline received his doctor's diploma. At this point he should have entered upon a new, more secure existence. But his days of wandering were not yet over, and once again he set out on his journey through the world in search of 'an idea more powerful than anything on earth.' He crossed the ocean as a ship's doctor. Upon reaching America he left his boat and went to Detroit, where he set up practice among the Ford workers.

Céline continued his wanderings. He was not yet tired of 'seeking and finding nothing.' While he was in America, the Rockefeller Institute commissioned him to go to Africa, and it was only in 1926 that he returned to Paris. He settled in the Rue Lepic and worked as a doctor in the Clichy hospital. At that time he undertook the gigantic task of writing his book.

Twelve times he rewrote the manuscript of *Voyage au bout de la nuit*. It is said that he produced no less than 15,000 pages in longhand, all the while striving to achieve an original, artistic form of expression. He introduced the simple language of daily life into the dialogue of his novel as though he had been a witness to the conversations and had written them down in shorthand. He broke away from the beautiful but somewhat antiquated form of the classical novel and resorted to the language of the streets.

As a man belonging to the generation that fought the World War, Céline proclaims that everything in the world seems to have joined hands to deprive man of life and wisdom; everything—the generals, the priests, the capitalists. He flees from one land to another, from the trenches to Africa, from Africa to Detroit. He seeks refuge even in an insane asylum; but ‘the world is closed: we have reached the very end.’ And in this world there is neither comradeship, nor friendship, nor love, nor maternal affection, nor sympathy—only the night.

‘And thus I fell asleep in my own night, in this grave, so weary was I of wandering and finding nothing. Where is one to go, I ask you, if one no longer has the required dose of madness? Where is reality? Reality is the endless agony that precedes death. The reality of our world *is* death.’ (People who live in daylight rather than in the night might have overlooked this book of blackest terror if its starless night were not illuminated by other thoughts: ‘There are two worlds that have nothing in common—the world of the rich and the world of the poor.’)

Céline’s book has sold hundreds of thousands of copies. It has been translated into all European languages. It has become a centre of arguments and literary struggles. What does Céline have to say about the threat of Fascism and the struggle against it? In reply to a questionnaire got out by a French newspaper, Céline replied: ‘Struggle against Fascism? One does not struggle with a dinosaur. He dies his own death, and we die with him—in his belly.’

At the same time we cannot look upon Céline as utterly lost to our cause—the struggle of the proletariat against Fascism. We know of instances where writers have been able to overcome these contradictions and look upon our changing world with new eyes. Like them, Céline may yet cross out the words, ‘The reality of this world is death,’ and write, ‘The reality of this world is life and the struggle for Communism.’ Thus he will have found the idea ‘that is stronger than anything in the world.’

On this his future depends. On this depends whether he will remain one of those writers who produce a single magnificent work or will be able to write a whole series of important books and retain his place in the history of literature.

THE AGA KHAN

By JUSTIN STEINFELD

Translated from the *Prager Tagblatt*, Prague German-language Daily

THE French novelist, Maurice Barrès, tells the following story. Once in Syria he found a group of priests gathered around the image of a saint. Barrès glanced at the picture and then called out, 'Why, I know him. He is the Aga Khan, from the Ritz.' And, turning to the priests, he asked, 'Are you sure that this man is a saint? I have often run into him on the Paris racetrack.' In a voice ringing with pious reverence, a priest answered, 'Why should n't a saint go to Paris? Why should n't a saint have a little fun on the racetrack?'

The Aga Khan is in Europe eight months of the year. But that does not prevent him from being the ruler of millions of Moslems in India. He is the pope of the Mohammedans in India—some eighty millions of them. As founder of the Old Mohammedan League, he has been wise enough to keep on good terms with England. That gives him diplomatic power, and in the twenty-five years of his political activity that power has come to be invulnerable. The Aga Khan was president of the Round Table Conference in 1930 and 1931. He certainly owes a part of his power to his incalculable fortune. At any rate, at present this fortune has never yet been accurately appraised. There is uncertainty even about his annual income, and guesses range from six hundred thousand to ten million dollars, a considerable variation.

A small part of his income comes from the sale of his daily bath water, which is put up in bottles. Faithful Mohammedans believe that it has the power of healing, and they pay five dollars a bottle for it. The Aga Khan has invested a large part of his fortune in jewels. Jockeys say that horses are his consuming passion, but the jewelers say that he is even more interested in precious stones. The English expert, Major Fitzpatrick, who once saw all of the Aga Khan's rubies, values this collection alone at two hundred and fifty million dollars. His principal income comes from the taxes which he collects from his subordinates. The Mohammedans must pay him 2 per cent of their income, and from the Hindoos he collects 10 per cent. The Aga Khan gives back only a small part of this revenue in the form of social services. He has built athletic fields and a few schools for his people. But, for the most part, he has contented himself with petitioning the British administration to improve the educational system. He is very fond of telling Europeans, and especially Britons, where they could improve their ways.

A well-known young English poet writes
a story about Austria just before the
assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss.

The Strange DEATH

By STEPHEN SPENDER

From the *London Mercury*
London Literary Monthly

EVERY day I would visit the sanatorium, little as I like that part of Vienna, which is built all of hospitals, shops gleaming with medical instruments, and the massive stone criminal law courts. Here the stream of the town no longer flows with the cheap, ruined smartness of the opera district, nor with the indifferent poverty of the slums: it tinkles to the running bells of the smooth cream-enameled and chromium ambulances: and in the spring of 1934 the streets were often shuttered with the darkness of the police vans, carrying political offenders to their trial.

Even the air seems medicated, it smells so of disinfectant, and, just as in some French towns the houses seem always gay with flags, so here the storied peeling stucco blocks seem swathed in bandages. Nurses, students, patients, and doctors carrying leather bags hurry along.

When we first walked to the sana-

torium, I remember that Tony pointed out a framed glass enamel sign which hung above a shop on the other side of the road. Against a jet background was represented a man, standing so as to display his left arm in a sling, his right artificial arm, his one glass and one shaded eye, his rupture belt, his truss, his leg in irons.

'Well, I hope I don't look like that when they've finished with me.'

Of course, the operation was thoroughly enjoyable. The appendix was whipped out. After two days he was sitting up in bed eating chicken and talking to his neighbor, Humphrey, an English schoolboy who happened also to be in the hospital, so that the kind nuns had put the two *Engländer* together.

Humphrey was small and looked about fifteen, although he was nineteen years old. He had fair, untidy hair, dark blue, lively eyes, a snub nose, and a talkative, thick-lipped

mouth that rather protruded. One noticed at once the gap in his mouth, where two front teeth were missing.

'Have you had an appendix out, too?' I asked him.

'I wish to God I had,' he said, looking at Tony, 'like that lucky devil.' He held out his two hands, and I noticed that his arms were thin, but swollen at the joints and shoulders, and that they bent stiffly from the elbows.

'The silly asses!' he chortled. 'Those silly asses of English doctors got me here. Well, one day when I was at school I was playing cricket when I missed a catch, which I most certainly ought to have caught quite easily, and it came a biff on my mouth here. Well, then I had my two front teeth removed. After that, the dentist screwed in two false teeth, of the sort that can't be taken out. Two weeks later, my arms and legs started swelling in a rather mysterious way, so I went to the doctor. In a week's time I had six doctors consulting over me, and they X-rayed every blessed part of my body, yet they never thought of my teeth. Then finally they found that I had had two abscesses above my teeth all the time. But by then it was too late to cure me from the teeth, so they sent me to a nursing home in the country, where my legs were put in plaster of Paris, which they kept me in for two and a half years. When they removed the plaster of Paris they found my legs had grown so stiff at the joints that they would n't bend. Then they gave me up, and sent my father a bill for £500, which he could n't pay.' He paused, rather breathlessly. Then he grinned happily and said again, with relish, 'The silly asses!'

I showed how indignant I was and asked, 'What are you doing here?'

'Well, they've put me under an anæsthetic and bent my legs. But they don't say whether I'll ever be able to walk again properly. I want to be a reporter of football matches on a sporting weekly. But I've never heard of a sporting reporter going around in a bath chair!'

Neither had I, so I did not say anything.

He had been ill so long, that he was an expert on illness. He explained to me that the Czech boy whose bed was next to Tony's had had glands and that the old Turk with a bandage over his face had probably simply been fighting, 'and drinking, too, I expect,' he added, smacking his lips. Still, he could not make out what was wrong with the old man whose bed was immediately opposite his own.

This old man did not say a word. He lay flat, with his head sharply raised by a pillow. He lay always in the same position. Sometimes his glittering, almost motionless eyes were wide open, sometimes they were shut. When they were shut his face seemed flat and impassive like a wall, with the skin the color of old Portland stone, cracked and yet massive, hollowed where the toothless mouth had fallen in, the general flatness only relieved by the thin breathing wedge of the nose. Above this ruin, his short gray hair bristled vividly, like a tuft of grass. Occasionally he moved his hands, and sometimes he groaned: once, he laughed, but we could not tell why.

'He seems to have some kind of a stomach wound,' Humphrey said. 'They dress it every few hours.'

'Perhaps he's had a fight, too,' sug-

gested Tony, with an amused indifference which rather surprised me.

'No, I scarcely think so,' Humphrey murmured, wisely shaking his head.

Tony turned amiably on me. 'Don't you go and get yourself mixed up in any fights. Humphrey's been telling me about the political troubles here. A good many bombs still seem to go off every day. So don't let the police come in here, searching after you. I don't want to lie in bed, with you shot down at my side, and bullets whizzing through the walls.'

I smiled and promised that I would be careful.

II

Although his appeal to me was in the form of ridicule, there was an underlying seriousness in it which flattered me, although, actually, the seriousness was still more ridiculous. We were simply two English tourists paying a short visit to Vienna: we had only left the lake where we intended to spend the summer on account of this operation. I was an untouchable amongst events which moved many of the people whom I passed in the street. Some of the wounded from the February disorders of that year were still lying at home or in hospitals. Others were in prison awaiting the trial that was either savage and quick, or else indefinitely postponed: an immense organization of secret propaganda, with newspapers, speeches, lightning demonstrations, existed, as it were, beneath my feet: while, within the flood-lit level radius of the eyes, at every corner, were the posters and demonstrations organized by the Government: government newspapers, government speeches, government broadcasts, government party

uniforms. These exhibitions were no doubt impressive to a stranger. But to the ordinary people, the parades of the government leaders were as exotic and irrelevant as if tigers in cages had been carried round the streets every day. The life of the dictatorial Government was, to the ordinary Viennese, as much something to gape at and to fear as the life of the jungle.

It did not take me very long to become aware of this sense of struggle. This struggle affected me more powerfully than I had imagined any public event could do. Yet I felt completely an outsider. Supposing, I thought, I had even been Dr. Mur, for he was the gray 'international' Englishman to whom I had been introduced and who became my first and most prejudiced informant, would I feel less remote? For Dr. Mur had literally a finger in every continental pie. An ex-schoolmaster, he had a gift for organization and was leader of a workers' cell. He was self-important and quite useful. He buzzed about Europe, smuggling Communist literature, and obtaining information. Supposing I had known even as many rumors ('In Styria they are working night and day making armaments,' 'Italy will soon give Austria Trieste') as he whispered into my ear? yet I still would not be sharing the struggle of these people, I would only become a ghost, an abstraction, a buzzing point, where, in a supposed human individual, the glamour of wealth met the glamour of poverty, and became Dr. Mur.

Tony's hint that I might get into trouble suggested in fact the fatal state of self-deception in which Dr. Mur lived, and I might live. For Dr.

Mur imagined that he was sharing the dangers of his Austrian comrades. He whispered to me how they were shot at when crossing frontiers, how they were imprisoned, how one was afraid to sleep for two nights under the same roof. With all the eager activity of a gray-haired boy who had never grown up, he fell richly into the trap of being flattered by suffering which he did not share and of imagining that he escaped, by his own cleverness, dreadful penalties. He did not see that if he had ever done any crime to raise more than an eyebrow on the face of a bland official, he would have been summoned to the police station, a few questions would have been asked, a few words written on his passport, and he would have had to leave the country.

I thought Dr. Mur was unreal. I myself did nothing, except read all the documents he gave me. From them I learnt how the achievements of the Socialist municipality in Vienna had systematically been discredited by the Dollfuss Government. Of the hesitation of the Socialist leaders, who allowed their papers and their meetings to be forbidden and their army disarmed and sent home. How they desperately postponed the fight against the Government until a symbolic act had been fulfilled, when the flag of the municipality was hauled down from the town hall. Then the clash came. The workers unburied their arms and fought. The Government shelled them in the tenement houses built by the municipality. The Italian Government had given certain orders.

But if I could think of Dr. Mur as a ghost, what was I, leading this life divided between the sanatorium, my

endless exploration of the streets, and my meals at a boarding-house full of old ladies?

One afternoon, when I was at the sanatorium, a pale, quiet, neat young woman visited the old man. She brought him some flowers, touched his hand, held a glass of water to his lips, and then sat beside his bed for about half an hour. Then, when she heard us talking English, she came over to us and said good afternoon in quite a business-like way, as though she were anticipating a free English lesson.

She explained to us that she was the niece of the old man, whose name was Herr Fuchs: Miss Fox, she was. Humphrey asked her straight out what was the matter with her uncle. She hesitated a moment, seeming embarrassed. Then she said, rather dubiously: 'I think it's a gland, the prostate gland. A thing that old people get trouble with.'

'You can't just think, you must *know* whether it is or not.'

'I do know,' she said, 'it's the prostate gland. But they are such fools . . .'

'How do you mean,' asked Humphrey, 'who are fools?'

'His doctor is a fool. I think they have poisoned him.'

'Poisoned him,' he grinned. 'How could they have?'

'You see, they say it is his own fault. They give him a local anæsthetic, and they say that during the operation he moved.'

'The *idiots!*' Humphrey laughed.

She was very pleased to be talked with. She said that her uncle was an official in the financial department of the municipality. She explained that she was a medical student. She asked Tony where we were going for his

convalescence. Tony did not know. So she recommended an hotel in the mountains kept by her father: it was called the Red Fox, and was about two hours distant from Vienna.

At this point in our conversation, her uncle, for the second time that I had heard him, seemed to laugh. His mouth opened, his eyes widened, and he made a chuckling noise. It was not, really, at all unpleasant. When I looked at him again it seemed to me that his illness had struck him with a wide intelligence which obviously welcomed us and even courteously allowed us to laugh at him. It was as though his *bead* were a fourth person in the room, laughing with us over his ridiculous, ruined body.

When his niece was gone, Humphrey exclaimed, 'The silly ass!'

'Who's a silly ass?' asked Tony, who had liked the girl.

'She is. She can't fool me. That old man has n't got prostate gland.'

'Why not?' I asked.

'Because he has two wounds,' said Humphrey. 'There's one higher up. I can see in the mirror at the end of the room, when the nurses are dressing his wounds.'

I did not answer because I suddenly realized then that old Herr Fuchs was going to die. I felt divided and anxious because I did not want Tony to be troubled by this death, which might be painful and distressing, yet, at the same time, I felt it was unfair to hope that, after Tony was gone, Humphrey would have to put up with it alone.

'Do you think he may die?' I asked.

'Oh, yes, we know he will,' said Tony.

Humphrey grinned and said, 'Wherever I go, people always die on me. At my last hospital one of the

patients was walking about the room when suddenly he fell on to me and died there, just sitting on my bed. I was furious.'

'It must have been rather a surprise,' said Tony. 'Did you tell him to get up?'

Then Humphrey started ragging Tony for chasing after Herr Fuchs's niece. 'All the same,' he sighed, 'I wish that I were able to have someone in here with me.' Then, inconsequently, he teased Tony, who was Welsh, for saying 'cassell' instead of 'castle' and 'cassk' for 'cask.' They enjoyed themselves. They discussed football and racing, they played cards, and they told each other the history of his life. They ragged the nuns, and Humphrey made one of them blush by saying, when she was in the room, 'One day I woke up earlier than usual and lay dozing, and what do you think? I found that sister was standing over me, stroking my hair. She must be sexually repressed.'

III

After that day, when I came into the ward and when I left, Herr Fuchs raised his head slightly in the faintest of salutes, as a child might stand in a field and wave to people in a passing train. The action one can only think of as gay. Yet, considering it as a gesture—as, perhaps, a figure in a dance—it has a certain melancholy.

On the day of my last visit but one—my last, on the next day, was simply to fetch Tony—I brought Dr. Mur with me. For him, it was an annoying visit, since my friends took very little notice of him. They were excited about two events that had taken place on the previous evening. First of all, at

about six o'clock, an official, who looked like a police officer, had come round. Dr. Mur rather sat up at this: it was his own world. 'What sort of an official?' he asked.

'With tabs and braid and a uniform the color of a billiard cloth,' said Tony, 'and a nice little moustache. He had a large sheet of paper, like a thermometer chart.'

'Well, it might mean . . .' said Dr. Mur slowly.

'What?' asked Humphrey.

'Well, a lot . . .' said Dr. Mur with a mysterious smile that half-closed his eyes and made him look almost acute. 'It might mean anything in Vienna, *now*,' he burst out with an obscure indignation.

'What happened then?' I asked.

'Well, at about ten,' said Humphrey, 'the old boy started gasping and choking and rattling—yes, a most amazing noise like a rattle it was, a death rattle, I suppose. Well, first of all the nuns started warming him and giving him drinks of some sort through a tube, for a long time. Then suddenly they stopped. They all left the room, and a few minutes later, wearing their black robes and crosses, they trooped back with a priest, and two other nuns carrying candles. Then they all kneeled down and prayed and chanted. But the absurd part of it was that the old man just looked very angry and immediately started to get better.'

'This morning his niece was here,' interrupted Tony, 'and she told us that her uncle was n't religious at all. He hates the church. He's never been to church.'

'And this morning,' Humphrey said, 'if he was n't sitting up in bed and eating goulash!'

I looked at the old man, and he met my eyes with his usual salute of recognition. There was a large Bible which the nuns had left on the commode beside his bed. For the first time I saw his tired gaze drop, and I saw that he had fixed it on some papers which I was carrying under my arm. The most prominent of them was an English Socialist newspaper. This was the longest silent exchange of thoughts I had ever had with him, and I felt a need to spare him—and myself—any more of it. So I stood up to go. As Dr. Mur and I reached the door, I said '*Auf Wiedersehen*' to him, and he slightly turned his head. At the same moment he raised a little from the bed-cover his left hand with the fist weakly clenched, as the hands of very ill people are.

'Whew!' said Dr. Mur when we were in the road. 'You'll be glad to get Tony out of that place and away from that disgusting old man.' For some reason, that day he was wearing khaki shorts. He lifted a hand to smooth his long, gray, mane-like hair. Whenever he smoothed his hair he remembered that the name Lenin meant a lion, and he felt stronger.

We parted at the corner. Dr. Mur looked at me and said, 'What the hell are you doing? You will be arrested if you do that. Take care! That is the Socialist salute.' Unconsciously I had raised my fist and repeated the old man's gesture.

I felt rather depressed as I walked along the broad, hot, sunlit Ring. Past the town hall, past the closed and barred parliament with a boarded-over patch in front of it, where the monument in honor of the republic had been dismantled. Soon, on my left, beyond some gardens, was the

chancellory, where, in a few days' time from now, the Chancellor, Dollfuss, was to be murdered. I came then to Heldenplatz, and, seeing a little crowd standing in the square round a dais, I walked in. No one looked at me or interrupted me, and I walked right up to the platform and mingled with the few people who were listening to the address.

A few officers, dressed in the uniform of the Fatherland Front, were on the platform, and soldiers, whom they were about to inspect, were lined up in the square. A very short man with round boyish peasant eyes, full lips, snub nose, a small moustache, and a very high forehead rather pathetically and prematurely lined, with the hair brushed back above it, was speaking, or rather shouting, with an almost comic air of assurance and waving his hands a great deal. He was the Chancellor. Behind him sat Minister Fey, a man with a face white and creased like a dirty handkerchief, shot through with bloodless lips and eyes like bullets. When Dollfuss had finished speaking, there was a volley from the soldiers. He raised his arm to them. Then he turned and shook hands with Fey. As he did so, he switched on a smile which lit up his eyes and widened his lips insincerely and rather pettily. The smile illuminated his face as a weak battery lights up a pocket torch. The pocket smile on the face of the pocket Chancellor bravely persisted. Now the men on the platform stood up. They all smiled and murmured informally, as a tiny little girl, round and suety like a dumpling, stepped forward and put her hand into that of the Chancellor. Then Dollfuss lifted his daughter up and dumped her down again, and

shouted '*Treu!*' Everyone shouted '*Treu!*' back. Then, still holding his daughter's hand in his own, he started trotting. Like a squirrel, still smiling, he trotted off the platform and trotted toward his private army. His soldiers shouted '*Treu!*' and there was another volley.

IV

The white walls of the sunlit ward of the sanatorium: the patients lying in their beds, or sitting up in chairs: the nuns as sisters: this was not unlike the atmosphere of the health resort in the mountains. On the afternoon of our fifth day there, as we sat drinking coffee at a table put out in the village square in front of our hotel, the walls of the square, like the hygienic walls and windows of the ward, pressed round us with their clean whitewashed houses. Facing us, at the end of the square, the gratifying worldly gestures of baroque angels above the famous church porch were flanked on either side by two stone towers so high that they almost obscured the leaden dome behind. Nuns hurried through the square. The church was skirted by little shops where wooden Madonnas, jewelry, and trashy souvenirs were on sale. In the middle of the square, in an immobile procession, waited motorcars, charabancs, and horse cabs, placarded with advertisements for excursions.

Each morning we had left the square and walked straight into fields beneath the mountains. The edge of the blue sky seemed a knife blade where it met the rocky peaks. The waving corn had a dreadful cleanness, and only the flowers, half-hidden by the grasses, held a murmur of the valley. The sun shone with a clear,

bleaching whiteness. As one walked or lay in that light it was impossible even to think, for it seemed to polish every shadow from the mind, while it mercilessly healed one.

On the table, lying between us, were a postcard and a letter. The postcard was a picture of the Kremlin, sent by Dr. Mur from Moscow. 'Suddenly obliged to come here. Have seen so many plays and films and been taken so many tours of factories, can hardly stand. Saw Red Army yesterday. Marvelous.' With his usual conspiratorial caution, he had left it unsigned. The letter was from Humphrey. He was rather depressed and said he missed Tony. Then, in a more familiar style, he added that Herr Fuchs had died, but that before dying he had been moved to another ward. We calculated that he had died a fortnight before, while Tony was with me, recuperating in Vienna for this journey.

'Poor Humphrey,' Tony said.

A tall young man with fair reddish hair and a consciously superior gait walked past our table. As he did so he smiled, narrowing his lightly blood-veined, pale eyes and showing his ivory, fang-like eyeteeth. The smile had the effect of drawing attention to his vixenish ears. He was the son of Herr Fuchs, the manager of the hotel. Above us, against the wall of the hotel, was a large painted sign of a red fox. Tony said, 'Let's go and look for Herr Fuchs's grave.'

There was no graveyard near it, so we went inside the church. A great many panels told where people had been buried under the floor, and by far the commonest name lettered on these panels was FUCHS. There were more elaborate ornaments, and even groups of statues in the church, but

all of these were old. On either side of the altar, in glass cases, were two skeletons, their bones crowded together and carefully covered in transparent tulque, which gave the skulls, the femurs, the tibias, and all the larger bones a pale yellow shining color. The skeletons were draped in robes made of stiff purple and yellow satin, and each wore a crown inlaid with clear jewels. Above either coffin was a notice stating that one saint was Saint Theodor the Martyr and the other, with the broader pelvis, Saint Marina the Virgin: it added their references, the list of cures performed, sacks worn, fasts seen through, stripes endured; and it explained that each robe was worth 20,000 schillings.

We decided that there must be a graveyard somewhere else in the village for the newer graves. So, after tea, we set out again, and at the end of the village which we had not yet explored we found the graveyard.

Here the landscape was much richer than that near our hotel. The mountains were green and hilly, not surmounted with rocks, like the higher mountains: and the trees were beech and birch, not pine. The fields were flat, and the late sun cast rich shadows from the stoops of hay onto the stubble.

Men were gathering hay in the churchyard. It was difficult to cut above and between the mounds, which they trod on harshly. Outside the gates the buyers waited, leaning against their prongs in a restful attitude.

The churchyard was untidy. Most of the crosses were made of black twisted iron work, and many of them were lying on their sides. The older

tombstones were cracked, and some of them had even been dragged away from their graves and were now lying across the main gravel path, or at the side of the yard. The new graves were raw heaps of clay, scattered with fading flowers, daffodils and even chrysanthemums, out of season and sodden with rain. There was no grave new enough to be that of Herr Fuchs.

All the time the sun hotly painted us, like a cognac intoxicating our skin and hair.

V

As we walked back to the square, we heard the church bells ringing loudly. We found the square filled with pilgrims. A few of these were authentically dressed in cowls, and these wore sandals and carried staffs. But the majority were tourists of a religious bent, determined to combine an excursion with a church service. The men, carrying stick and camera, wore tweeds with caps medaled and feathered, the women had the sleeves of their sweaty blouses rolled back, and their faces were red and fat, with the skin rawly peeling.

A few politicians were present, affectedly dressed in peasant costume, to gild the pill of the vice chancellor's speech, which was to be made at six o'clock. I learnt about the pilgrimage and the speech from a passer-by. Some local councillors had gathered at a long table near our own and were frankly spending the rates and taxes on getting drunk. They set an example of ignoring the rather subtle political implications of the proceedings in the square.

Evidently a few people must have watched the staging of this marriage of the Church to the Government

with skepticism. Yet the scene was one of enthusiasm. There was a perpetual popping of motorcycles, banging of rattles, roaring of charabancs. The church door was wide open, and above the noise of the square the notes of the organ blazed like twigs burning invisibly in the air. The bells rang so loudly and so fast that they were like a very high-pitched kettle-drum. All the motorcars and cabs had mysteriously disappeared, and the briefest glance assured one with absolute certainty that any vehicle—a cab to take one to the railway station, for instance—was absolutely unobtainable. Little brooches, with an enameled setting, of a stiff virgin wearing a dress which formed a complete isosceles triangle from her neck to the ground, were being sold like hot cakes, by several hawkers.

At eleven the procession began. A train of choirboys in white linen vestments and black petticoats marched out of the church holding electric tapers, which burnt palely in the daylight, and singing a politically biased hymn. In the centre of the procession went the vice chancellor and a bishop, wearing the robes of the blessed martyrs in glass cases. The bones, naked of their garments, were carried round in their cases just the same. Two detectives, tactfully dressed as acolytes, flanked the vice chancellor and bishop on either side.

Feeling rather annoyed, I looked away from the square around our hotel tables and, at the same moment, I happened to catch the eye of the sleek young Fuchs who, owing to the sudden strain on the hotel service, was disdainfully acting as an extra waiter. He moved quickly to our table. In-

stead of ordering a drink, some impulse moved me to say, 'We knew your uncle.'

He started slightly, 'What uncle?'

'The one in the sanatorium.' He flushed and said absolutely nothing. He just stood there for a moment, and then, with servile embarrassment, slightly bowed to us.

'He is dead,' I remarked, almost as if this were a question.

Again, he hesitated. Then he slightly smiled and said with a distinct effort at irony, the purpose of which escaped me, 'Oh, yes, most certainly he is dead.'

'We have been looking for his grave. Is it here?'

'Oh, no, it is not here,' he answered quickly.

He stood, almost like a soldier, smartly back again. If he had had more presence of mind, he would have escaped before my next question: 'Where is he buried?'

At that he did escape. He hurried off to wait on another guest. Watching him, I saw that he was not satisfied. Evidently, he felt that he had cut short our conversation at the worst possible moment. A few minutes later he returned to our table, stood firmly before us, and said with a quietness which I knew had the backing of all his family, 'You see, my uncle is not buried at all.'

With finality he then left us. I saw that I would have to ask for my bill that evening.

'How can he not be buried?' exclaimed Tony. 'Does he mean that they've just left him all this time?'

'After the February revolt of the Socialists, two hundred bodies were delivered to the anatomical institution in Vienna.'

'But surely his relatives would have claimed him?'

'Perhaps they were ashamed of him.'

'But then there were his comrades?'

'If they had visited him, or asked for his body, they would have become known to the police.'

'But he was an official?'

'Vienna was Socialist when he became one.'

We paused, opening our senses, like a door into a concert hall, to the full battery of sound and incense and purple from the square.

'Do you think then that he fought in the revolt?'

'Of course, I don't know,' I denied it hotly, 'but we move in a world of darkness and rumor.'

'Then what *did* he do?' Tony asked.

'Nothing, nothing, nothing!'

I was absolutely certain of it, as I had my final vision of his almost shrill head, so removed from its flattened body, from the red fox on the painted signboard, from the noise of the square, even from anything opposed to all this: so that it seemed quite shut off, crazy, like a telephone ringing in an empty house.

VI

At that moment there was an attempt on the vice chancellor's life: this was doubtless a slight reverberation from the murder of the chancellor, which had taken place in Vienna a few hours earlier. It did not in the least look like an assassination. There was no shock, and no panic. All we knew was that, suddenly, from the edge of the crowd nearest the church, there came a loud bang, which, however, did not make as much

noise as a tire bursting. Then we noticed in the same direction a haze of blue smoke as if from a small abruptly-lit bonfire of wet leaves. There was a mild disturbance amongst the crowd near the church. The full goblet of interest hung up before the vice chancellor became, as it were, tilted and a few gulps of the drink fell onto the pavement. That was all.

Then I was aware of a certain sense of apprehension. The bishop had stood still, as a conductor might tap his wand and stop the orchestra, because his audience was inattentive. The centre of the procession was now at our side of the square, opposite to the church. Attention violently swung back from the place of the attempt to the vice chancellor himself. The hovering disconcerted eyes of the crowd were like a uniformed army waiting for some essential command. Rather to my surprise, I now saw the vice chancellor, standing within a few yards of me. He looked rather pale in his robes and wearing on his head the crown of St. Theodor the Martyr, set with rubies. I must say that he was perfectly calm. If he had been standing there at that moment, pressing a button to unveil a statue, he could not more signally have buried for me, beneath a cascade of flags, a solid wave of flowers, the image of Herr Fuchs.

He slightly raised his hand as a sign to the detective-acolyte, and at once everything was postponed. Within ten minutes the police had cleared the square and sent off the people, who went away like schoolchildren who have been given a day's holiday. We had to go indoors.

It was nothing, nothing. No one was hurt. Or, rather, one man's foot

was blown off, but he was not even a pilgrim and had nothing to do with the festivities. He just happened to be pedaling through the town. Indeed his presence was so irrelevant that it was at first suspected he might have engineered the crime, although there was no reason for thinking so, except that it was certainly a cause of suspicion that so complete an outsider should have had his foot blown off.

The next day when we learnt from the newspapers that Dollfuss had been murdered, we were greatly surprised. What we ourselves had witnessed was as slight in itself as a notch made in a stick by some climber, after he has climbed another mountain: and this notch, made by some invisible hand in front of our eyes, was doubtless only one of many notches, which totaled together the ascent of a great mountain, much higher than Everest, perhaps scraping the stars.

We tried at least to recognize the face of the climber by discussing politics for the next few days. This discussion made Herr Fuchs seem peculiarly irrelevant, but soon the political sensation seemed irrelevant as well, and the irrelevance of the two deaths established in my mind a certain relation between them. For they are irrelevant to what? To our precious isolated lives, spinning their spider webs in darkened, unobserved corners? To our valued, precarious relationships, animal feelings, or spiritual experiences, which we back feverishly, like gamblers? All while we sit in our chairs looking at the mountains, ignorant of the small groups of invisible pioneers climbing the peak which is as high as the sum of all their peaks?

Here is a pair of articles on the new Near East; the first lays particular stress on Turkey's armament program; the second describes the men and women who are working to rebuild Palestine.

The Near East *Marches On*

INFIDELS AT HOME

I. TURKEY AWAKES

By MICHAEL LANGLEY

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THE Anatolian peasant is the most important factor in Turkish national life to-day. He and his wife—it was only the townswomen who used to cover their faces with the black *chadar*—have brought to a state of comparative agricultural prosperity a land devastated by the invading Greeks, who were finally driven out of Asia Minor in the summer of 1922. Wheat and barley; raisins, nuts and figs; cotton to supply new factories such as the Kayseri one, which, when I visited it, had 1,400 looms in readiness for production this autumn; sugar-beet—Turkey is now manufacturing the

80,000 tons of sugar which she needs annually—and tobacco and opium are all being grown more extensively, especially in the west, than nomadic movements and feudal conditions in Asiatic Turkey ever before allowed. And the men of the soil, rough, hardy, and often illiterate—men who roared like animals as they went into battle under Kemal Ataturk, then commanding a section in the Dardanelles—have a deep reverence for their leader, whose policy of economic nationalism has increased the strength of a territorially reduced Turkey. This Anatolian type unquestioningly accepts

demands made of him during two years' compulsory military service. The country lad is brought to town for his training, while youths living in large centres—Istanbul, Ankara, and Smyrna are the only boroughs of 100,000 or over—are sent into the country.

II

Turkish nationalism is the natural result of the determination of a proud people to reestablish itself after the indignities suffered in the last War. I recently spent twenty-four hours in a railway compartment with several Turkish air-force officers on their way to Diyarbekir to stand in readiness for trouble expected in Kurdistan, where recurrent outbreaks are followed by bombing expeditions of which little or no news leaves Turkey. One of these men had been on active service from the beginning of the Balkan Wars in 1911 until fighting with the Greeks ended in 1922. As one talked with him, it was difficult to see how, except in sheer ignorance of the people with whom they were dealing, the 1915 Secret Pact of London granting large tracts of Asiatic Turkey to Italy, the Sykes-Picot Agreement, further providing for the partition of the old Ottoman domains, and the disastrous Treaty of Sèvres of 1920 ever came to be conceived. These officers belonged to a race who would have treated an Italian invasion just as they did the Greeks when Smyrna harbor ran red with Hellenic blood, unsuccessfully transfused into Anatolia by the machinations of Mr. Venizelos and Mr. Lloyd George.

A consciousness of this former attitude of the Great Powers and a realization that irredentism is apparently

not yet ended largely accounts for the militarist character of Turkish nationalism. So the 1935 budget allows for an expenditure on national defense of £Tqs65,000,000 or 30.5 per cent of an expected total revenue of £35 millions sterling. Where, then, the tradition of Ottoman militarism as a force to clear the way for the self-indulgence of a mediæval-minded aristocracy has wholly disappeared, a new and vital army of national defense has come to maturity. Its latest development is the decision to build an air force, which Ismet Inonu, the Prime Minister, states should number 500 machines. As a start the help of a body of Russian instructors has been obtained, an organization known as *Türk Kuschu*, or Turkish Bird, has been formed for training reserve pilots, and a public subscription list, which aims to raise £5 million, announced.

III

But Kemal Ataturk, who, because his subjects have never been politically minded, is as easily able to dictate a Right-wing policy as a Left,—favoring, for instance, the Popular Party's demand for state control of prices, while, on the other hand, regarding strikes and lock-outs as illegal,—always looked on his career as a step to greater achievements in the State. As one may be told on seeing him at his farm in a plus-four suit, or wearing 'tails' at a reception, he, more than any other European dictator, owes his position to personal military ability yet has no time for uniforms, preferring a dress in keeping with a general acceptance of our own civilian standards.

In this connection it is said by for-

eigners, still striving to earn a living in a country which has abolished capitulations and fiscal privileges and reclaimed railways, coal, and other industries from international interests, that the Turkish hold on cultural, moral, and business standards recognized in western life is a flimsy and superficial one. That may be true for the present, but no amount of knucklerapping will make Turkey loosen her hold, while deeper changes in the character of the people can only come as the industrial and economic life of the country develops. And, if this be thought an overstatement of the effect of environment on national character, it is well to recall that the Turks, adaptable as their nomadic origin necessitated, to some extent assimilated the habits and customs of the Byzantium which they conquered nearly 500 years ago, acquiring indulgent tastes according to the number of slaves, servants, and subjects that conquest put at their disposal. Thus, Asia Minor, once an insultingly protuberant tongue thrust in the direction of the Christian west, now exerts a tenacious fingerhold on the hem of Europe's patched but hard-wearing skirts. And the rapid changes with which she has been infected should point the way to the greater strength and unity of western culture.

At the same time European movements have attracted Turkey's attention ever since the Napoleonic invasion of Egypt made its deep impression on the oriental mind. Even now the French language and French culture take first place among foreign influences, though German commercial policy, working through the channel of clearing agreements, by which Turkey conducts all external trade,

has been rehabilitating the former close relations of those two countries.

IV

There are many who consider that one of the most remarkable changes in Turkey to-day is that which has given emancipation to women, raised them to the judge's bench, and in the last elections made seventeen of them deputies. While this may have been brought about by a direct recognition of the indignity of depriving women of social freedom in a modern state, it is a mark of the reciprocal character of a government which insures security in return for the allegiance of its people. It is doubtful, for instance, if women could have discarded the *chadar* had the old Moslem teaching of allowing a man four wives persisted. The idea of this was to sanction the opportunity to produce a maximum number of sons, each 'to become a fighter,' as one Kurdish woman expressed it. But, with the exception of Kurdish outbreaks, tribal unrest in the near and middle east is negligible, and the constant occurrence of insurrections, which terrorized Abdul Hamid in the administration of the old Ottoman Empire, is far from the mind of Kemal Ataturk to-day. Indeed the Ghazi, though more cautious when visiting Istanbul, the old capital now going through a period of decline, walks through the streets of Ankara virtually unguarded.

Heavy taxation, high prices, and such strict supervision of individual movements that one can scarcely make a bus journey without its being known to the police are the cause of some suffering and impatience. As in the U. S. S. R., the people are called

upon to make sacrifices. They have no alternative but to buy without complaint the coal, sugar, and cotton goods produced by state monopolies, still paying off debts contracted on the purchase of machinery. Yet there is

every reason to suppose that with the exploitation of the country's wealth 17,000,000 Turks will find their standard of living increasing at a pace which Russia, with her less manageable schemes, may find hard to equal.

II. THE NEW JEW

By HERBERT MORRISON

From the *Daily Herald*, London Labor Daily

I HAVE been to Palestine, and I have seen the New Jew. For all I know he may be like the Old Jew of thousands of years ago before the great dispersal. I do not know. I know only that a large proportion of the Jews I have seen in Palestine are to me the New Jews. I talked with large numbers of them; I met them socially and saw them at work in various occupations; I heard them sing; I saw them act; I addressed meetings of them.

I have met many Jews in many countries. I know the London Jews very well, but the Palestinian Jews were to me different; so different that a large proportion of them were not obviously Jews at all. These Jewish men and women, most of them young, are working very hard, building the Jewish national home in Palestine. There is considerable resentment about it among the leaders of the Arab parties, who object to the Jewish return and who do not concede the Jewish claim to make a national home in Palestine. Here I express no opinion on an understandable controversy. But the Jews regard Palestine as their home country; they feel that it is natural for them to be there, that they have a right to be there, that it is their native heath.

Unlike the Jewish minorities in Gentile countries there is no evidence among the Palestinian Jews of that minority complex which at times manifests itself in various ways. The vigorous walk, the self-respecting upright stature, the facial expression and general appearance of the Palestinian Jews are those of people mastering the material resources of a country that is natural to them. It is fair to add that they are carefully selected by the Jewish Agency, a non-partisan organization representing all Jewry and officially in charge of immigration and colonization.

Most of them come from Eastern and Southeastern Europe, some of them come from other parts of the world. Yet there is no tower of Babel among the Jews of Palestine. Before or upon their arrival they learn Hebrew. For them Hebrew is the common national tongue. The feeling that work and responsibility in Palestine are natural to their race and this common language maintain among them a unity, a national solidarity, and a feeling of strength.

The Jewish Federation of Labor is playing a great part in the making of the new Palestine and in the making of the New Jew. It is not only the

guardian of the material interests of the Jewish workers in Palestine; it is the guardian of Jewish culture; an enemy of the Jewish speculator, who, though in a small minority, is unfortunately to be found in Palestine; a promoter of Jewish self-reliance; an organizer of a number of very important economic undertakings. It is probably the most remarkable labor organization in the world, and its principal leader, Dov Hos, is among the most able labor leaders of the world.

This organization, in coöperation with the Jewish Agency, has been insistent that the Jews of Palestine shall not merely drift into commercial, business, and professional occupations but that they shall play their full part in manual labor, both skilled and unskilled, in transport, electrification, and all forms of agriculture.

In this country the tendency, through circumstances largely outside their control, is for Jews to specialize in certain walks of life; leaders of Palestinian Jewry, and particularly the Jewish Federation of Labor, set their faces with success against any idea of the Jewish immigrants regarding themselves as economic and administrative overlords, exploiting the Arab workers and leaving them to do all the manual work. Indeed, the Jewish Federation of Labor is giving all the help it can to the promotion of Arab trade unions working in friendly coöperation with the Jewish unions.

II

Tel-Aviv, which is contiguous to Jaffa, is the Jewish wonder city of Palestine. Since the War, with some interruptions, it has grown with ex-

traordinary rapidity, the population now being 140,000.

I cannot make up my mind about Tel-Aviv and its large and active population at all. What I am certain about is my enthusiastic admiration for the Jewish pioneers I saw at the Waters of Merom, preparing for the reclamation of thousands of acres of marshy and swampy land in the midst of a malaria-infested country; my admiration for the workers at the phosphate works by the Dead Sea and for the men who have fashioned and who run the great electricity power works by the Jordan, generating electricity by water power for all Palestine, with the exception of Jerusalem. And, above all, I cannot praise highly enough the workers in the Jewish collective agricultural colonies, who have turned sand dunes into good agricultural land and who are manifesting all the fine qualities of self-discipline, so that they may experience the collective joy of collective economic achievement in the interests of that great national cause in which they believe.

Some of these agricultural toilers have been there for twenty years and still have the pure light of the pioneer in their eyes. Most of them are young men and women—some were until recently the victims of Nazi persecution in Germany, some belong to that interesting new generation that has been born in Palestine, all are surely among the most splendid human types to be found anywhere in the world.

The married couples have their private apartments, the young people their dormitories. They all eat together in great dining halls of simple structure. They have their Hebrew classes, their libraries, their theatricals, their concerts. They toil on the

land in coöperation; they have their collective medical service, their schools and kindergartens for the children (and bright, fine-looking children they are). All the needs of life come from the common stock, even down to holidays, cigarettes, and remittances, which are sent to dependent relatives abroad.

In fact, they have all that a human being normally requires, but they have no money wages. They are amused when the visitor is surprised and a little shocked, for, as they say, 'What use would money be to us if we had it in these distant agricultural areas?' And that is a not unreasonable view.

Finally, if you expect to find these Palestinian Jews an effervescent, noisy, and excitable lot, you will be wrong.

They are remarkably cool and collected. The audiences I addressed were almost disconcertingly quiet compared with a London audience. They listen to the speakers attentively, though I was assured that they would not be attentive if the speaker were talking nonsense. They rarely applaud during the speech, and their applause at the end of a speech is not very demonstrative. They prefer to watch the speaker, to weigh his words, and to think about what he has said—not unlike the best type of working-class political audience to be found in Durham, Northumberland, and Scotland.

The New Jew to be found in Palestine was a revelation to me. Go to see him if the chance comes your way.

Italy Frees the Slaves

ADOWA—General de Bono's decision to abolish slavery in the conquered territories has been put into effect. Finding slaves has been the stumbling block. The authorities finally captured some who were living in freedom in the forests of the region. They were led under close guard to the central square of Adowa, where General de Bono reviewed them.

'Slaves,' he said to them in a voice vibrating with emotion, 'you are henceforth free.'

'Long live freedom!' the freedmen shouted.

They were immediately clapped into jail for subversive utterances.

—*Le Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

A French journalist describes a visit to a Russian 'labor commune,' where four thousand habitual criminals live, work, and manage the whole community.

I VISIT *a* Soviet Prison

By GEORGES LAFUMÉE

Translated from *Marianne*
French Liberal Weekly

THE car left the Great Northern Highway and took a crossroad through a pine forest. The harsh gleam of the snow cast blue reflections on the tree trunks. I looked at the speedometer. We had driven forty miles since we left Moscow. Driving carefully over the icy ground, the chauffeur said: 'It's just beyond the next turn.'

At first I saw only a barrier, in front of which an unarmed soldier stood. He greeted us with a joyous cry and went immediately to work at a pulley which raised the barrier and allowed us to pass. I noticed we were crossing a railroad track that ran into the solitude of the forest. A few moments later our car stopped in a little square surrounded by low houses. The chauffeur pointed to one of these.

'You will find the secretary of the commune in there,' he said. Then he swung his car around and called out to me, 'I will come back for you this evening at seven o'clock.'

I entered the house. The vestibule was narrow and deserted. At the end of the corridor I noticed an open door, and I called out. A voice replied, 'Come on in.'

In the middle of the room there was a large table. Papers and magazines were scattered over the green tabletop. Behind a little desk near the window sat the man who had answered my call.

'Are you the secretary?' I asked.

'Yes, I am the man—Arkadi Ivanovich.'

From his broad shoulders there sprang a slender, nervous neck that looked like the root of a tree. His face was the face of a peasant, but marked with the vices of city-dwellers—a low forehead, a mop of reddish hair, blue eyes under withered eyelids, and heavy, pimply cheeks. His nose spread out over his face like a boxer's nose. His young lips wore a childlike smile.

He arose to shake hands with me.

'So you have come to see how we transform human beings?' he asked.

I did not have time to reply. The door was thrown open, and several men crowded into the room, shaking the snow off their leather or fur caps. A sharp odor of sheepskin and old wool accompanied them.

'These are the members of the supervision committee,' Arkadi explained. 'Sit down, and you may listen in on their discussion.'

I looked them over; there were seven of them. Some had their heads shaved, and others had thick hair falling onto the collars of their green and black blouses. All were clean-shaven. They sat around the big table and lit cigarettes. One of them, whose heavy eyebrows were soldered together by a purplish scar, arose and declared: 'I have been put in charge of the oil distribution. Here is what is happening. The women come to the coöperative with cans that hold one or two quarts. The comrade in charge of distribution never fills them to the top; no doubt because he is afraid that some of the liquid will spill out. But he makes them pay the full price. I can't say how many quarts he manages to chisel in a year, but it must be a goodly number.'

He sat down. Another, with a smashed-in nose and cauliflower ears, arose in his place: 'The same thing holds true for the meat. They give you the exact weight on the scales, but they never allow for the weight of the heavy wrapping paper. It must make a difference of several pounds at the end of the year.'

Arkadi, who had been taking notes, asked, 'Is that all?'

'That's all for the coöperative.'

'Very well. I'll speak to their secre-

tary this evening. I don't think that they do this with any ill intent. But, after all, they must n't treat us like children!'

As they all got up to go, he declared, 'There will be another meeting in three days. Our subject will be cleanliness in the bachelors' rooms.'

When they had gone, Arkadi turned to me and said, 'No, they are not children. Do you know that together they make up a total of more than one hundred years of hard labor for various crimes, the most common of which is armed assault? To say nothing of me.'

Thus I came in contact with the first commune of habitual criminals, at Bolshevo.

II

The portrait of a man with an emaciated, bearded face filled one of the wooden panels in the room. It was a portrait of Djerjinski, chief of the supervision committee (better known as the Cheka), who in 1927 decided to establish labor communes. His death prevented the immediate realization of his project, but his successors, notably Yagoda, who is now People's Commissar for Home Affairs (the commissariat to which the G. P. U. belongs), carried out the program that was only sketched theoretically at the time. In the spring of 1929 eleven convicts condemned to hard labor were removed from Soviet prisons and taken to Bolshevo. The G. P. U. delegate waited for them in a little wooden house in the middle of a forest. There he addressed them as follows:—

'You know the responsibility that you have assumed in voluntarily coming here. As for us, we are giving you the chance to become, some day,

honest and free citizens of the Soviet Union. If you stick to your promises, we shall stick to ours. The best proof of the matter is that I have sent back the soldiers who accompanied you and that I plan to remain alone with you here, several kilometres from the capital, without any arms.'

Among the eleven men who came to Bolshevo on that day was Arkadi Ivanovich.

'What promises did you have to make?' I asked him.

The secretary, leaning against the back of his chair, lit a cigarette. After thinking for a long time, he said, 'It all happened so long ago that I can scarcely remember the exact words, but they can be summed up in one word—work.'

'But, when you were condemned to hard labor, you also worked, did n't you?'

'That is to say, they forced us to work, and we worked without hope.'

'Then what happened?'

'It began by a rumor that circulated through the cells, the workshops, and the camps. People began to whisper that there was a plan afoot to build a new life for those of us who were weary of dividing our time between crime and prison. That made some of us think about the stupidity, the bestiality of our existence, and to perceive that this idea was perhaps better than anything we had known in the past.

'When I spoke about this to some of my comrades, they called me a traitor, but the more I discussed the subject, the more new arguments I found. So that I went on with a fight which sometimes became a fist-fight. Thus, when the news was officially transmitted to us that the Govern-

ment had called for volunteers to found a labor commune, only those went who had deliberately rejected the brotherhood of crime. There were eleven of us altogether.'

III

Arkadi Ivanovich recalled with picturesque emotion the first months in the isolated little house in the woods of Bolshevo.

'We had absolutely nothing, not a horse, not a single cart. We worked on the following principle: first to clear the forest and with the fruit of our labor to buy the tools that were essential to us. At the end of a few months, as a reward for our efforts, credit was extended to us, but we paid off this small debt long ago, and now we pay cash out of the profit of our work. Yes, we pay cash for everything, even for the violins for our musical circle, even for our surgeon's instruments.'

To-day, around the little wooden house, which still stands intact, streets and avenues bordered by apartment buildings have traced their broad lines over hundreds of acres. Vast factories, comfortable restaurants, a model hospital, an arts and science club, a theatre, a stadium, cafés and nurseries have been built. To-day the first labor commune includes over four thousand inhabitants. And, with it as a model, nine affiliated communes have developed over the immense territory of the Soviet Union.

But, through all these changes, through all these upheavals, which had about them something of the quality of a fairy tale, the manner of recruiting new members for the com-

mune has not changed. In order to belong to them, one must be a criminal with several convictions to one's account. It is easy to be surprised, to become indignant, and to make ironical remarks about a situation that may at first seem extraordinary. For who would think of granting these advantages to the worst evil-doers? I remember reading in the honor book that Arkadi Ivanovich showed me this sentence, written by a French visitor: 'Ah, how sweet it is to be a criminal!'

But the witty gentleman who signed this striking statement could not have guessed what Article 34 of the Soviet Code provides for those who have had more than one conviction. Or, even if he knew it, he could not have realized that the loss of citizenship and, consequently, the revocation of one's passport are equivalent to a death sentence. For, if you have no passport, you have no right to live in the cities, you have no right to work in the mines or the factories. The only thing you can do is go to Siberia or live outside the pale of society in the lower depths in new crimes, new convictions, new penalties, without ever a hope of escape from this vicious circle.

The severity of such excommunication from the social order may also seem excessive if one does not recall that this decree was passed to check the crime wave that Soviet Russia had to meet a few years ago and whose sad heroes were, for the most part, homeless children. They had to organize regular expeditions against these bands of youthful thieves and murderers. But many of them slipped through the meshes of the net, and it was then that the authorities decided to free the large cities of these boys forever through special legislation, as pro-

vided for in Article 34. Thus it was that Djerjinski conceived the idea of labor communes destined to assure a last chance of social life and redemption for those who were still capable of looking upon their tragic and irresponsible youth with horror.

Several times a year the members of the recruiting committee of Bolshevo take a long journey. They go from prison to prison and from camp to camp, choosing their new companions. Often among the volunteers they find the names of childhood friends, the accomplices of their crimes, and one can imagine their conversations, full of echoes of blood-stained days. But it is through this experience in the lower depths where they have lived, it is through the knowledge they have of the men who live outside the law that they derive the power to appreciate the true value of the men who want to rehabilitate themselves. As for their future usefulness in the development of the community, they know that they can extend the largest credit to the toughest ones, for these have shown in their former crimes that they are capable of energetic work and decision.

IV

In Arkadi Ivanovich's office I watched the arrival of a newcomer. He was dirty, unshaven, and ragged. From under his red eyelids, unadorned by a single eyelash, two black eyes stared at the secretary defiantly.

'You know,' he said, 'I am not afraid of you. I am willing to work, but you have to treat me like a man.'

'Did you ever stop being a man?' Arkadi replied. 'You'll see that here we won't forget.' Then he asked him, 'You are from Odessa, are n't you?'

'Yes.'

'There is a pal of yours here,—Maxim. He asked to see you when you arrived.'

'What, is he here?'

'Yes, he's been here three years. Come, let's go and see him.'

I awaited Arkadi Ivanovich's return. While I was alone, the door kept opening. The news had spread that a newcomer had arrived, and many were those who wanted to learn from him news about old friends who were still in prison.

'What are you going to do with him?' I asked the secretary when he returned to his office.

'Maxim will live with him several days or several weeks, if necessary. He will listen to his rebellious talk, will calm him, will show him the commune, and will explain its rules. He will take him to meetings and will never leave him alone except during working hours . . . For to-morrow he will begin working.'

'But what can he do?'

'Nothing. He will be employed as a common laborer. But everything here will induce him to specialize and become an expert. Just think, a skilled laborer earns from 300 to 350 rubles a month, whereas an unskilled laborer gets only 70; that is to say, just enough to pay his rent and food.'

I expressed my surprise: 'But how can he become a specialized worker?'

Arkadi Ivanovich explained, 'The workshops are open from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. The rest of the time, a man can attend special courses, given by professors who will teach him the technique of his new trade. Sometimes comrades of ours are sent to Moscow to attend schools of higher learning and obtain their degrees as engineers.'

On that day I asked the secretary a question that had long bothered me: 'I can hardly imagine that among the thousands of men brought into the commune during the past years all have become acclimatized and none has ever tried to escape?'

Arkadi smiled. 'Of course the call of the wild is irresistible to some,' he said.

'And what "sanctions" do you use in such a case?'

'We have only one at our disposal—perpetual exclusion from our communes. You who know what their living conditions are and what awaits them outside will not be surprised to learn that the percentage of escapes is practically non-existent. At least, in so far as the men are concerned. As for the women . . .'

V

I asked him once more, 'On the other hand, have you, the older ones, and those who have changed the most, been able to change your civil status?'

Arkadi arose, opened a file, and showed me a long list of names. 'Here are those who have been reinstated as citizens. They have been able to leave Bolshevo and begin again a free existence in the Soviet Union, with the same rights and privileges that they would enjoy if they had never been convicted.'

'But . . .'

'Except those who had families, all, myself included, have asked to be allowed to remain in the commune, for here we have found a reason for living, a reason for being happy and proud of ourselves.'

As for the women . . . Out of the four thousand inhabitants of the first

labor commune, there are hardly five hundred women. Whereas men are assigned to the three factories that manufacture skates, skis, and tennis racquets, that is to say, export products, the women are all employed in a factory that produces woolen clothing.

Prostitutes since childhood, venal love has led them to theft and murder. In spite of their coarse clothing and their peasant shawls, they preserve an equivocal and surreptitious manner; especially their faces, on which there is no trace of make-up, appear bloodless and, in contrast to the sunburned faces of the men, evoke unwholesome pictures of weary dawns.

In spite of the fact that they are free to choose their loves where they will, their life at Bolshevo involves a sacrifice that they accept with difficulty. For what seems to their companions a new start in life is the end of all things to them. They suffer from the fact that they will never again wear the halo of mystery and lies, and

the fair play to which they are condemned deprives them of any romantic evasion in the field of love. Thus it is through the force of habit that the minority who remain finally marry and weave the chain that will bind them forever—by becoming mothers.

On the other hand, for analogous though opposed reasons, many peasant women from the neighboring countryside and working women from Moscow are attracted by this new life and the prestige of these former bad boys, so that they are willing to associate with the men of the commune, whom they meet in the fields or in the streets of the capital on their days out.

Thus, as the G. P. U. delegate who lives among these former convicts (more as a technical counsellor than as their sole guardian) told me, these new and honest elements will serve to perpetuate a race of phenomenal men such as even H. G. Wells has not foreseen.

These Barbarians . . .

The most conspicuous feature of the diplomatic side of the Italo-Abyssinian dispute is the signal ability and the unfaltering correctness of every public statement made by the Ethiopian Government. Its spokesman at Geneva, M. Teclé Hawariat, in particular, is a man not only of ability but of culture. He was brought up in Russia to a military career and startled M. Litvinoff by addressing him in Russian at Geneva. After his return to Abyssinia he became Governor of the province of Chercher (preceding Dr. Martin, the Ethiopian Minister in London, in that office) and then went as Minister to Paris. That no doubt accounts for his command of fluent French, and also perhaps for the remark he made the other day in conversation—'Yes, but do you remember what Pascal says?' A barbaric race, as Signor Mussolini has not failed to remark.

—Janus in the *Spectator*, London

BOOKS ABROAD

THE EVE OF 1914. By Theodor Wolff.
Translated by E. W. Dickes. London:
Gollancz. 1935.

(Harold Nicolson in the *Sunday Times*, London)

AN ENGLISH translation of Theodor Wolff's *Der Krieg des Pontius Pilatus* has appeared under the title *The Eve of 1914*. It is the most valuable study of the origins of the World War which has been published since Professor Fay's two classic volumes. The facts of the case are set out in full detail, without bias or confusion and in a very readable form. But it is the interpretation he gives to these facts which renders Theodor Wolff's study of such extreme importance. Let us examine the basis and nature of that interpretation.

Theodor Wolff for more than a quarter of a century was the editor of the *Berliner Tageblatt*; his relations with the rulers of Germany from 1906 to 1933 were intimate and constant; his erudition was vast, his industry enormous; to these opportunities he brought a penetrating intelligence and, above all, the most courageous integrity. Already in his study of the Bülow era, *Das Vorspiel*, Theodor Wolff proved that he possessed that rarest quality in the historian of his times, the quality of detachment. His present work is, in fact, a sequel to this previous study of the misfortunes of Germany from the fall of Bismarck to the fall of Holstein. He now deals with the final tragedy and examines the errors of German statesmanship from 1909 to 1914.

As an epigraph to this volume, Theo-

dor Wolff might well have taken the words of Sir Eyre Crowe contained in the famous memorandum of January 1, 1907. In that farseeing document Sir Eyre Crowe warned the British Government 'how little of logical or consistent design lies behind the impetuous mobility, the bewildering surprises, and the heedless disregard of the susceptibilities of other people that have been so characteristic of recent manifestations of German policy.' Theodor Wolff is entirely of Sir Eyre Crowe's opinion: 'There were,' he writes, 'no clear purpose and no long-thought-out plan but simply stupidity and the methods of operation of reckless gamblers.'

The analysis to which he then subjects these methods is searching and prolonged. He begins by pointing out that Bethmann-Hollweg, on succeeding Bülow, was fully conscious of the mistakes which his predecessor had made. Bülow had violated the three main principles of Bismarck. He had allowed Germany to quarrel with Russia and Great Britain at the same time. He had encouraged Austria in her Balkan ambitions, in spite of the fact that Salonika would never be worth the bones of a Pomeranian grenadier. And he had aroused the despairing enmity of France by blocking her in Morocco.

Yet, while realizing and deploring the errors of the Bülow-Holstein era, Bethmann-Hollweg and Wächter proceeded, almost with deliberation, to make exactly the same mistakes themselves. They antagonized Russia by their support of Austria and Turkey,

and at the same time they antagonized Great Britain by naval construction and the rejection of all offers of naval disarmament. They sent the *Panther* to Agadir, and they joined with Austria in refusing the Yugoslavs an outlet on the Adriatic. And after Sarajevo, with absurd '*Nibelungentreue*,' they handed a blank check to Vienna and never even asked to see the ultimatum which Berchtold had drafted.

Theodor Wolff is inclined to attribute the causes of such blindness, not so much to any congenital defect of the German mind, as to the faults of the system. No man was better acquainted with that system than he himself, and his revelations are thus authoritative as well as sensational:—

'Behind the apparent solidity of the façade of the German Empire those responsible for the administration were all at sixes and sevens, a perpetual war was going on between all sorts of authorities, the various departments of the Government and the subservient members of the Court were fighting in utter disorganization for power and influence, while in the democratic countries there was perfect order and unison.'

'An evil inclination,' he writes again, 'to hidden courses, to an ironic craftiness, to winking trickiness led astray various leading figures in German diplomacy.' 'It was not,' he concludes toward the end of his book, 'a group of resolute dare-devils, marching defiantly, ruthlessly, unswervingly toward aims to be forcibly imposed; its chief figures at least were neurotics, men who needed some stimulant to give them courage and start them off.'

At the summit of this uncertain pyramid stood the Emperor William. Theodor Wolff deals with this tragic

figure with the sympathy due to the disasters of a gifted man. He well knows that the marginal comments of the Emperor, deplorable though they were, should not be taken as serious enunciations of national policy. He well knows also that the Emperor, when it came to a crisis, was more intelligent and far more prudent than his advisers. 'William II,' writes Theodor Wolff, 'amid, or, rather, beneath, his superficial insincerities, had one absolutely genuine characteristic; nothing could be more genuine than his aversion to war and all hazardous enterprises.' No student of the period would question the accuracy of such a statement; the Emperor had many failings, and the most damaging witness against him is his own incapacity for reticence; but he was a wiser and a better man than Bülow and the rest.

Whereas Theodor Wolff accuses Germany of nothing worse than culpable negligence, his condemnation of the Austrians is very bitter indeed. He shares with Emil Ludwig an almost cruel dislike of Berchtold and a certain sympathy for Aehrenthal, who, after all, was the only begetter of Berchtold's mistakes. True it is that the suppression during two whole days of the Serbian reply to the Austrian ultimatum is one of the major crimes of diplomacy. True it is also that the influence of Conrad von Hoetzendorff was a very belligerent influence. Yet the English reader will not derive from this book any fair idea of the immense difficulties of the Austrian position and will not understand that for them July, 1914, was in fact a choice between war or disintegration. The only trace that I can find of any bias on the part of Theodor Wolff is a slight anti-Austrian bias.

For the rest, his whole study is Olympian in its objectivity.

He comes to the conclusion that the War was caused, not by the machinations of a few greedy diplomatists, not by the hidden tides of economic and racial pressure, but by the fact that the men in charge of European affairs took, like Pontius Pilate, the line of least resistance:—

'What was appalling was simply the helplessness in the presence of the onward roll of events, the poverty of resource, the passiveness of these people, who had worked out a plan of strategy and, now that it had gone awry, did not know what to do; they still kept up the pose of being the only statesmen their country had but could apparently do nothing but wait for a miracle to happen.'

Of such calibre were Grey and Jagow, Sazonow and Poincaré, Asquith and Bethmann-Hollweg.

For those who are saddened by such expositions of the eternal ineptitude of human reason, Theodor Wolff does provide a crumb of comfort. No serious person could read this book without deriving from it a firm belief in democratic institutions. Dr. Wolff, by the accumulation of a mass of detail, convinces us that the alleged adaptability of a dictatorial system is little more than wild skidding. The more ponderous methods of parliaments are, in fact, not safer merely but less foolish.

There are many things that could be said in praise of this serious and brilliant book. Yet all such eulogies would be secondary to a statement of its essential merit, namely, that it is overwhelmingly true. No person who has studied the period from 1909 to 1914 could finish this book without

exclaiming in gratitude, 'Yes, it was in that way that the great tragedy occurred.'

In writing such a book, and in writing it so magnificently, Theodor Wolff has conferred a benefit on western civilization.

ZAHAROFF, THE ARMAMENTS KING. By Robert Neumann. London: Allen and Unwin. 1935.

(Raymond Postgate in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

MR. ROBERT NEUMANN, a distinguished German novelist, has written a serious and highly important study of one of the strangest figures of this century. Because he is a novelist he has cast it into the form of something like a detective novel. Here is an extract from his preface:—

'The victim of this biography . . . does everything he can to confuse the picture. You ask for his birth certificate. Alas, a fire destroyed the church registers. You search for a document concerning him in the archives of the Vienna War Office. The folder is there, but empty; the document has vanished. After all sorts of difficulties you obtain permission to inspect the papers of a law case. The papers are sent for, but, alas, no one in the office can find them.'

Mr. Neumann has therefore made up his story not only from commonly available documents but also from sources which, with a novelist's technique, he designates by such titles as 'the beggar H., the banker Ch., the premier D., the agent of a prince, Ro. (a man of very great shrewdness).' Despite this, one finishes his book with a profound belief in its sanity and truthfulness. The explanations of these

dark agents and bankers are never accepted at their face value; Mr. Neumann sifts them and criticizes them as carefully as a Scotland Yard detective examines the stories of a 'nark.' At the end we have a like confidence that the investigator has found, if not the truth, at least a high probability.

The story that Mr. Neumann publishes begins in Tatavla, a poor Greek district of Constantinople. Later, it was alleged to begin in the Phanar, a rich suburb. The difference is the same as that between a Levi born in Aldgate and a Levi born in Park Lane. But Zaharoff, or Zahar, seems to have been born certainly in Tatavla, in the year 1849, 1851, 1855, or 1858—you may take your choice. He seems to have been a guide or a doorkeeper to the brothels, and to have been a fireman. The last may seem to be a respectable trade but only if you do not know anything of the Constantinople of last century. The firemen were generally assumed not only to start fires but also to loot thoroughly all the places to which they were summoned.

Also it seems likely that the young Zaharoff made a brief appearance at Vilkomir, in Russia. There is a Mr. Hyman Barnett Zaharoff from that place who has spent many years trying to compel Sir Basil to acknowledge him as his son. Is he the son? Mr. Neumann, officially, is not sure. Nor is he even quite sure whether 'Basilius Zacharoff,' who in 1873 pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to pledging merchandise not his own and worth £1,000, is the man he is investigating. But his doubts seem purely official—the evidence as he marshals it only points one way.

Till 1877 Zaharoff's history was sor-

did and uninteresting. In October of that year Skuludis, a Greek millionaire, set him on the road to fortune by recommending him to Nordenfelt as their agent in Athens. He was allowed £5 a week. He earned much more. He sold the Nordenfelt guns to the Turks, and then to the Greeks to fight the Turks: he even sold the almost-seaworthy Nordenfelt submarine. Soon he was in bitter trade and personal rivalry with a more famous figure, Sir Hiram Maxim. His methods were already notoriously Levantine; Maxim had the better gun, but Zaharoff the fewer scruples. Maxim began in later years to admire him; he calls him in his memoirs only 'Mr. Zedzed' and recounts almost complacently how his own agents were made drunk at tests and his guns tampered with. For in 1888 this foolish rivalry was ended. 'Mr. Zedzed' and Maxim came into alliance in the Maxim-Nordenfelt Company. (Nordenfelt himself, who was merely an inventor, was shortly after squeezed out; later still the company became the famous Vickers.) Zaharoff moved to St. Petersburg.

From this period date the stories of his more extravagant deals—the admirals bribed by sales of yachts at £10 or by purchases from them of chandeliers at 150,000 rubles. From this period, too, dates his love affair. In a Spanish railway carriage he met a young married woman, Maria del Pilar Antonia Angela Patrocinio Simona de Muguiro y Beruete, whose husband was a Bourbon, the Duke of Villafraña de los Caballeros, cousin of the King. He was also shortly found to be a lunatic. She was a Catholic, and her principles forbade divorce, but, according to Mr. Neumann's indication, they did not forbid intimate relations with a

rising young armaments trader. If he had a son he would not acknowledge, this was shortly balanced (we are allowed to infer) by two daughters he would have been glad to have acknowledged.

His days of greatest prosperity were, of course, the War. 'The net profits of the [Vickers] company alone amounted to thirty-four million pounds, or three times its capital, and of that 67 per cent went to Mr. Basil Zaharoff.' When a peace effort was made during the War, it was not surprising that the negotiator had to enter in his diary: 'Zaharoff is for the prosecution of the War to the bitter end.' There seems to be evidence, moreover, that he both sold to and bought from the Germans during the War. Was he betraying his country? How can you prove that? What is his country? It is not certain whether he is a Turk, a Greek, an Englishman, a Frenchman, or even a Russian.

After the War his career was even stranger. He needed to have his French status as firmly established as his British. 'Vickers française' was founded, a job was found for one of Clémentau's family, and a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor resulted. Also some oil deposits in Algeria, which would have inconvenienced him, were fortunately found to be worthless and abandoned. Later still, his hand (as the chief politician of oil) is found to be behind the war of the Greeks on the Turks in 1922. Here was his first great mistake: the Kemalists drove the Greeks into the sea, and his friend Mr. Lloyd George fell from power.

It was his last intervention on the grand scale. The Bourbon Duke was dying, and he could marry his lady. His attention was now turned to mak-

ing a setting fit for her; a Levantine adventurer does not every day marry a Spanish grandee. Only one thing would fit: he bought the principality of Monaco by buying up the Casino on which it depends. He married the Duchess at the end of 1924. It was his final success.

But there was one antagonist whom he failed to allow for. His wife died in February, 1926. After thirty-four years of waiting, he had scarcely eighteen months of married life.

He resold the Casino at a large profit, after having put it on a paying basis by dismissing a large number of employees and canceling all the pensions to ruined gamblers. Now he lives in France, a very old bony man with a white imperial beard, silent and waiting for death.

GUSTAV STRESEMANN: HIS DIARIES, LETTERS, AND PAPERS. *Edited and Translated by Eric Sutton. Vol. 1. London: Macmillan. 1935.*

(Wickham Steed in the *Observer*, London)

DR. STRESEMANN, the famous Foreign Minister of the Weimar Republic, who negotiated the Locarno Treaties and brought Germany into the League of Nations, died on October 3, 1929. In the spring of 1932 the publication of the first two volumes of his *Testament*, or *Papers*, in German and French, caused a mighty stir in Europe. They raised the question whether Stresemann, by far the ablest German statesman since the War, had been sincere in his ostensible desire for lasting peace and concord in Europe, or whether he was merely another wily Prussian playing for time until Germany should be able to get her own way by force.

The question was weighty. Stresemann had won the goodwill and even the confidence of the French and British Foreign Ministers, M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain. Had he fooled them? If so, what trust could be placed in any German public man? Throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and especially between French and German writers, fierce controversy raged for months, leaving traces which are not yet obliterated.

Of this controversy and of the publication which started it little or no echo was allowed to reach this country. Our second National Government was then in its first year of office and seemed bent on cultivating the friendliest relations with Germany. It was as though the word had gone forth that matters so unpleasant should be taboo and that it would be better for the British public to be left in ignorance of things that might belong to its peace than that comforting illusions should be dispelled.

I had met Stresemann at Geneva in September, 1926, after Germany entered the League. Conversation with him had left in my mind the very doubts which, it seemed, his *Testament* would be likely to answer. So I read the first two volumes carefully in the original and, seeing that their contents were unknown in England, gave four public lectures upon them in London during the autumn of 1932. Before delivering the lectures I ascertained that under the auspices of Messrs. Macmillan an English edition was in course of preparation by Mr. Eric Sutton and that it would include the third, still unpublished, German volume.

Now, three years later, in the autumn of 1935, the first volume of this

edition has appeared. Needless to say, it is well done. The editor's claim is warranted that, though the original has been slightly condensed, it is only 'by the omission of a certain amount of what, it was felt, was more ephemeral matter—mainly articles for newspapers and documents connected with purely domestic episodes in German politics, of little interest to English readers or students.'

But—and the 'but' tells against the formation of any conclusive judgment—this first volume is only an abridgment of the first German volume, whereas the most controversial matter comes toward the end of the second German volume. It is uncertain when the remainder of the English text will appear. Thus, as far as this country and this volume are concerned, judgment would need to be suspended had not Mr. Eric Sutton, in his preface, ranged over Stresemann's whole career and committed himself to the view that Stresemann's character 'is eloquent refutation' of the doubts which 'some controversy' has cast upon his sincerity. It might have been better to avoid dogmatism upon this point until English readers have before them all the documents upon which the controversy turns.

In my own view, to which the present volume gives some support, it is a mistake either to affirm or to deny Stresemann's 'sincerity.' An ambitious Prussian politician of his antecedents could not be 'sincere' in the English, or even in the French, conception of the term, for he could not accept the premises which Englishmen and Frenchmen took for granted. While maintaining his own mental reservations upon fundamentals, he might work for compromises adjusta-

ble as future circumstances should permit. He would do nothing to upset English or French assumptions that these compromises were final settlements; but, in confidential intercourse with his fellow countrymen, especially if they were objects of his hero-worship, as the German Crown Prince was for Stresemann, he would 'let himself go' in ways that might have disconcerted foreign statesmen had they known of them.

In other words, Stresemann was a patriotic German opportunist and, within limits, an adept in the art of being all things to all men. He may have cherished a great ideal—for Germany in the first place and, possibly, for Europe at several removes. What worried me in my talk with him was his apparent inability in 1926 to look beyond a hand-to-mouth policy and to perceive the constructive and beneficent part which a regenerate Germany might play in a Europe set for peace.

THE present volume begins with a 'Fragment of Autobiography' and an anonymous sketch of Stresemann's political development between 1901 and 1923. It plunges then into German passive resistance to the Franco-Belgian occupation of the Ruhr,—a resistance which Stresemann did his utmost to encourage and had presently to call off,—covers his one hundred days' chancellorship, and, up to the end of 1924, his subsequent tenure of the Foreign Office. The Dawes Reparations Conference in London and the first approaches to the League of Nations came in the summer and autumn of 1924. Stresemann's diary, notes, speeches, and newspaper articles in that period are full of historical interest. They are consistent both with his

past as an ardent German, practically pan-German, nationalist—who had approved of the invasion of Belgium, protested against evacuation, and had likewise supported unrestricted submarine warfare—and with the realist who understood that a defeated and demoralized Germany must make the best of a very bad business.

The German nationalists believed that he was conciliatory only from motives of expediency. Others, mostly foreigners, thought he loved peace as an end in itself. Lord D'Abernon, the British Ambassador in Berlin, who was devoted to him, looked upon him as a conservative. Mr. Eric Sutton calls him a liberal, perhaps on the strength of some praise of liberalism which Stresemann uttered in October, 1924. My own belief is that he was neither conservative nor liberal but a gifted and intelligent man, whose mind, had his years been longer, might have broadened and deepened. There was a note of passionate idealism in the improvised peroration of his last speech to the League Assembly in September, 1929, less than a month before his death, which those who heard it will never forget.

Yet a public man must be judged by his works. He wrought well for Germany and, on the whole, not ill for Europe. Stresemann was to some extent the prisoner of his own past. He could not admit German responsibility for the War without stultifying himself. But we are entitled to wonder whether the Locarno Settlements, including the Rhineland Security Pact, could ever have been reached had M. Briand and Sir Austen Chamberlain known of the letter which Stresemann wrote to the German Crown Prince on September 7, 1925, shortly before

going to Locarno and undertaking to bring Germany into the League.

Here is the letter, of which, unless I am mistaken, the full text has never before been published in this country:—

‘I wish to make the following observations upon the question of entering the League:—

‘In my view, three great tasks lie before German foreign policy in the immediate and calculable future: (1) a settlement of the reparations problem in a manner tolerable for Germany and safeguarding peace, which is a postulate of the recovery of German strength; (2) the protection of Germans abroad, those ten or twelve million people of our race who now live under a foreign yoke in foreign lands; (3) the rectification of our eastern frontiers—the recovery of Danzig, of the Polish Corridor, and a revision of the frontier in Upper Silesia.

‘In the background stands union with German Austria, though it is very clear to me that union would not bring us advantages only but would sorely complicate the problem of the German Reich.

‘To reach these aims we must concentrate our minds upon these tasks. Hence the (Rhineland) Security Pact, which is intended to guarantee our people and to establish England as well as Italy, if Mussolini comes in, as guarantors of our western frontier. On the other hand, the Security Pact carries with it renunciation of a fight with France for the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine, a German renunciation which, however, is theoretical only, inasmuch as there is no possibility of making war upon France. The burden of reparations which the Dawes scheme lays upon us is likely to become intolerable as early as 1927. We

must then demand a new conference, a new assessment of German capacity to pay, a right we can always make use of under the Versailles Treaty. A comparison of the £125,000,000 maximum which we have to pay with the average of £200,000,000 that our opponents have to pay in the form of interest on their war debts shows that our opponents are at least as heavily taxed as we are.

‘Care for Germans abroad suggests that we should enter the League. There is also the Saar Basin, where even the most conservative politicians favor our entry. In Geneva we shall be the spokesmen of the whole community of German culture because the whole German world will see in us its shield and defender. The fear that we may be outvoted in the League proceeds from the false supposition that the League Council, in whose hands the decision lies, can decide by a majority, whereas, in point of fact, unanimity is required. Germany has been promised a permanent seat on the Council. If we were now on the Council, the Poles at Danzig could not succeed in the question of the Polish letter boxes since a German protest would suffice for the rejection of this claim. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Rumania, who are, one and all, bound by international treaty to care for their minorities, that is to say, their German minorities especially, will not be able to ignore their obligations so culpably if they know that Germany can bring all their misdeeds before the League. Besides, all the questions that burn in the heart of the German people—war guilt, general disarmament, Danzig, the Saar Basin—are League affairs, which a clever speaker in the Assembly could turn

into so many embarrassments for the Entente. France is by no means enthusiastic over the idea of our entry into the League, whereas England wants us to come in so as to counterbalance the overwhelming influence which France has hitherto possessed in it.

'By entering the League the question of choosing between East and West is not raised. Besides, one can only choose if one is backed by military might. Unhappily, we lack this might. We can neither become England's continental sword, as some imagine, nor can we go in for a Russo-German alliance. To coquet with Bolshevism is a Utopia against which I enter a warning. If the Russians are in Berlin, they will first hoist the red flag on the Castle; and people in Russia, where a world revolution is desired, will be very pleased to have Bolshevized Europe as far west as the Elbe and will let the French devour the rest of Germany. That we should be ready to come to an understanding, on another basis, with the Russian State, in whose evolutionary development I believe, and that we should certainly not sell ourselves to the West are matters of fact about which I should be glad to tell your Imperial Highness more, by word of mouth, as occasion may offer.

'The great movement which is now running through uncivilized peoples who are turning against the colonial rule of Great Powers will, I believe, not be influenced in a way detrimental to these peoples by our entry into the League. But our weightiest task is the first I have mentioned—to free the German land from foreign occupation. We must first get the strangler's grip off our throat. Therefore, in this respect, German policy will have to be,

for the present, what Metternich said about Austria after 1809—to use finesse and evade big decisions.

'Your Imperial Highness will permit me to confine myself to these short indications, and will be so good as to judge this letter from the standpoint that, in all that I say, I must naturally be very reserved. If your Imperial Highness will give me an opportunity to discuss, in a quiet hour, these questions which will soon reach the point of decision, I shall be glad to place myself at your Imperial Highness's disposal.'

IT MAY be fairly said that the spirit of this letter is not one of wholehearted sincerity—at least, not from the standpoint of the British and French statesmen with whom its author was about to conclude the Locarno Treaty. The word '*finassieren*,' used by Stresemann in the original, is one of the points on which controversy upon his sincerity has been hottest. I have translated it 'to use finesse,' though the French verb '*finasser*,' of which '*finassieren*' may be a more exact equivalent, means 'to make use of subterfuges,' or finesse of doubtful quality. But it must be remembered that Stresemann was writing to a Hohenzollern whom he heartily admired—who, he hoped, would be the future ruler of Germany—and was seeking to make palatable to him a policy of which he feared the Crown Prince might not approve.

In my view, the most questionable passage in the letter is not the '*finassieren*' sentence but the allusion to the solely theoretical nature of the German renunciation of Alsace-Lorraine on the ground that there was, at that moment, 'no possibility of making

war upon France.' It seems to suggest that the whole value of a Western Security Pact was, in Stresemann's eyes, contingent upon the restoration of German military might. His letter may have been the work of a patriotic opportunist but it was hardly the kind of missive which the responsible statesmen of Great Britain and France thought Stresemann capable of writing at that juncture.

DAS HERZ IST WACH: BRIEFE EINER LIEBE. By M. B. Kennicot. Tübingen: Rainer Wunderlich. 1935.

(Friedrich Burschell in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague)

A STRANGE book has caused a great sensation in Germany. It is entitled *The Heart Is Awake: Letters of a Love*. The mysterious author, who is undoubtedly a woman, hides behind the pseudonym of M. B. Kennicot. The publisher, equally unknown, bears the fitting name Rainer Wunderlich ('strange'), in Tübingen. Mr. Wunderlich must have made his expenses. The book has sold more than 100,000 copies.

The subject matter of the book hardly explains its amazing success. This collection of letters contains neither suspense nor thrilling adventure. From the very beginning it is clear that the two lovers will find each other in the end. The difficulties in the way of a happy ending—that is to say, a marriage—are neither very great nor very plausible.

The reasons for the book's success must be sought elsewhere. Among the blind the one-eyed is king. Despite all exceptions that might be taken to the book, it is miles above the general level of Brown literature and of the officially recommended and coördi-

nated writing, with its reactionary stupidity. In its entire attitude and in its cultivated language the book bears a resemblance—nothing more than a mere resemblance—to the products of earlier and better times. It reveals culture, a universal education, and a certain pleasant worldliness. The eager attention it has received in Germany—it certainly would not have attracted much notice in the past—furnishes a measure of the degree to which intellectual starvation has gone in that country.

It is not merely in its form that the book reminds one of the more pleasant days gone by. Its action occurs in the time of Brüning, chiefly in Berlin and in Geneva, drawn against the background of the League of Nations. The characters of the book are persons of wealth, independence, and exquisite culture, endowed with a remarkable superabundance of emotions. Apart from their tireless intellectual, scientific, and political activities, they live the life described in the films and are, one and all, presented as perfect specimens.

The male correspondent of the book, a gentle but fiery Romeo, an Englishman of sixty, his temper softened by a German mother, an entomologist by profession, is in every sense the model of a gentleman. His partner, the real heroine of the book, is German, a lecturer at the Berlin College of Politics, a champion of women's rights, an economist, author of a book on the contradictions of world economy. At the same time, she is as lovely as the figure of Leonardo; she charms all the world, is at home with Pindar and Rilke, a divine mistress, inimitable as a horsewoman and a dancer, in short, the epitome of per-

fection. Despite her mundane profession, this angel pursues a policy of the heart rather than of economics. In all the storms of emotions she finds plenty of time to gather the youth of all nations around herself, to discuss all current problems, and to champion a spiritual League of Nations army as a sort of church militant.

The angel has a brother, named Volker, who, together with his friends, plays a certain part. This brother and his friends are high government officials, close and enthusiastic collaborators of Chancellor Brüning. It is this brother who lends the book its real meaning. He and his fellows are excessively celebrated as ideal representatives of the generation that did service at the front. In the necessarily careful presentation of the author, they remind one of the young conservative group around Treviranus, and sometimes of those around Zehrer. At any rate they are, as the book so well puts it, men who see their mission in conducting a national policy, giving absolute precedence to the great questions of destiny over group interests and the stubbornness of opinion.

The National Socialists, already a threat at that time, are not mentioned at all. But the inevitable development and the unrestricted inner political struggle are pointed out, and there are passionate laments about the absence of a leadership principle and a political code of honor which might preclude a 'certain' demagoguery.

The meaning of these and similar hints, and thus of the entire book, is clear. The slap at the barbarism and arbitrary rule of the lords of the Third Reich is hardly concealed. The epoch of the oh so mild emergency decrees is made much of. The real leader, con-

scious of his responsibility, is Brüning. In this book the political circles close to him emerge from their seclusion and remind us that they are still alive. The elegiac tone occasionally struck in the letters is merely a smoke screen around this fact. The book would not have been written, nor would it have received such an echo, were there not a political stratum in Germany which scents something like morning air in the disintegration of the present régime.

As yet the book has not been suppressed in Germany. For the present it is only on the black list, that is, it has been designated as undesirable and may be neither exhibited nor advertised. But it may be bought in any bookshop. Naturally, the reviews in the Brown press are full of venom. The fury of the attacks is directed less against the real meaning of the book than against the liberal perfume which it supposedly exudes, the un-German international setting, the elegant manners, the ingenious conversations, and the sentimental story of a love affair not exclusively devoted to the service of propagating children.

We have no occasion to stand up for a book merely because the Nazis do not like it. We accept these love letters as a symptom of how far the opposition forces dare to go in the confusion in Germany to-day.

To tell the truth, we must conclude that this book, despite its cultivated airs, represents a sort of high-grade trash, of suspicious allure. . . . It spreads a false glamour and conjures up shades already revealed as vacillating figures, who, if given a chance, would merely be mischief-makers and in no event saviors of Germany or Europe.

PORTRAITS-SOUVENIR. By Jean Cocteau. Paris: Grasset. 1935.

(Edmond Jaloux in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, Paris)

M. JEAN COCTEAU'S *Portraits-Souvenir* deals for the most part with the theatre and its actors. This gives it a typically Parisian character. It corresponds exactly to the idea the French provinces and foreign countries have about this thing called 'Parisian life.' M. Jean Cocteau's interests have led him quite naturally to make the transition between the old conception of the theatre and the new, between the pre-war manner and the post-war manner, for he has been one of the wittiest, the most significant, and the most brilliant representatives of the post-war era. In this book the author of the *Enfants terribles* gives us his recollections of the pre-war years. The book of post-war souvenirs is to appear later.

There is no sequence in these souvenirs. The author's memory partakes of the nature of dreams; he wanders through the past at random. Memory itself is a sleep-walker, running hither and yon, discovering a diamond or a bottle top, plucking roses and rhubarb, magnolia blossoms and weeds. It was a happy inspiration on the part of M. Cocteau not to have constrained memory, to have abandoned himself to its spontaneous goings and comings, to its natural zigzags. There is something arbitrary in these evocations of the past that respect chronology; a human life seen through the prism of memory is not a table of hieroglyphics dedicated to a deceased king. In choosing among the shells thrown on the shore by the waves of time, M. Cocteau has saved only the essential.

The author, as we well know, draws admirably. And, when he writes, he continues to draw. Besides the sketches drawn in the margin of the text we have a whole series of pen portraits. The same implacable eye saw them both—implacable but not utterly devoid of tenderness. It is not the flames of Hell that illuminate his Judgment Day but fireworks.

'If the drawings that accompany the article surprise you,' M. Jean Cocteau says (for these *Portraits-Souvenir* appeared serially in the *Figaro*), 'remember that I did not use any caricatures of the period. I draw from memory, trying to synchronize my drawings and my prose. This is not an easy task, and, when I hesitate, when the faces that I recall only faintly resemble the originals, I try to produce a drawing corresponding to my memory. How powerless is the pen, and what a small thing is a sketch! I should like to communicate to you the tone of voices that are dead, break open this unbearable sonorous tomb, snatch from past years more than just silhouettes, and, by some trick of magic, make you hear the laughter that accompanied Catulle Mendès's slightest phrases, the velvety tone of Edmond Rostand, and the laughter that Proust spread over his face with his white-gloved hand and his beard.'

Portraits-Souvenir is the history of an epoch—1900-1914, an epoch that has already been ridiculed and that M. Cocteau depicts as touching and somewhat naïve. I should be curious to know how our successors will see the epoch that followed—1918-1930, with its beautiful enterprises and its innumerable fiascos. The things that then surprised us will become so banal that no one will give them a thought.

The day when the first sailors launched the first boat has left no trace in history; it is true that it was a long time ago!

One of the best portraits that M. Cocteau gives is the portrait of Catulle Mendès. Catulle Mendès was one of the most unfortunate victims of our time. He was literally sacrificed. Did he deserve such condemnation? One is inclined to doubt it. His plays are abominable. But, generally speaking, what is the theatre worth anyway—with a few rare exceptions? Like so many others he was the victim of the drama in verse, that unbearable bastard of tragedy, which even Hugo himself could not save from the ridiculous. Certain novels by Mendès fall in the category of long-drawn-out, overabundant works, and some of his poems belong to 'pure poetry.' The day will come when Mendès will be rehabilitated. Every writer has a tendency to attack violently all third- and fourth-rate authors, as though hoping to escape their fate. It is true also that Mendès was much talked about in his time, and his time, moreover, has fallen into discredit.

M. Jean Cocteau is not unfair toward Mendès: 'During a long ungrateful period when youth seeks the end-all hereafter and turns against its masters, I made fun of Catulle Mendès and painted him without affection. I regret it. May his ghost find an apology in these lines. And where, indeed, could I present these apologies more fittingly than in these *Portraits-Souvenir*, in which I give precedence to the memory of the eye and purposely leave aside the intimate recollections that assail us at the moment of our death?'

The first interview between Mendès

and M. Jean Cocteau is both comic and grandiose. It infuses an element of genuine romanticism into the unreal atmosphere of the nineteen-hundreds. The author recalls the German archaeologist Schliemann, who opened the tombs of Mycenæ and saw the Atrides under their golden masks. 'He had no sooner enjoyed this costly spectacle,' M. Cocteau says, 'than the great corpses vanished into dust.' Thus did Mendès evoke Baudelaire, Nerval, Rimbaud, and Verlaine.

The portrait of Mme de Noailles in this book is no less impressive. She is there in her entirety, always alive, though wearing the halo of death even during the years when she enjoyed good health. This portrait will give our successors a clear idea of the woman who wrote the *Forces éternelles*, and it will help them to feel her presence, in so far as one can feel the presence of a person who is dead. 'Born for the grass, to nourish a rose-bush implanted in her bones, born to be dead, she could not bear the red fire of the old world and its menacing flames. She was weary.'

The book ends with an allusion to *Sainte-Unefois*. The author sets off his last fireworks and rings down a curtain of darkness on his dazzling book.

LE VIN DE LA SOLITUDE. By Irène Nemirovsky. Paris: Albin Michel. 1935.

(Ramon Fernandez in *Marianne*, Paris)

MME Irène Nemirovsky is one of the most attractive novelists among our contemporaries. Though she is a first-rate narrator (she can write anything she chooses and in any manner that pleases her), she is at the same time handicapped by the fact

that she is a foreigner and that her subjects take us far beyond our own frontiers. A foreign—I shall not say an exotic—subject has less appeal than a distinctly national one. (Of course, this applies only to a French novel, for a translation enjoys special indulgence and good will.) Such are the fantastic laws of literature, and such is, therefore, the serious obstacle that Mme Nemirovsky faces. She circumvents it and overleaps it with an ease that commands admiration.

Her most recent novel is concerned with an average pre-war Ukrainian family—a Jewish father, a mother from a good family that was too poor to give her a dowry, and a daughter who has both profited and suffered from this intermarriage. She has profited from it, for she is an unusually precocious child. Mme Nemirovsky expresses this quality in excellent terms: 'When she spoke to herself, Hélène used the words of grown-up people, learned and mature words that sprang naturally from her lips. But she would have blushed to use them before other people, just as she would have thought it ridiculous to walk in the streets dressed as a grown-up lady. When she spoke, she had to transpose her words into simpler, more common, and clumsier phrases, and this gave a kind of hesitancy and stuttering to her speech that irritated her mother.' The young Hélène hated her mother with a passionate hatred. It is always difficult for a writer to paint a child, either a boy or a girl, who hates its mother. Mme Nemirovsky has performed this difficult task with a cynical tact of the highest order.

Mme Boris Karol, Hélène's mother, is one of those unfortunate 'daughters of Eve' (as M. Paul Bourget would

say, imitating Balzac) who live only for their beauty and for the passion that they feel, or rather inspire in others. Such women are faithful or unfaithful according to the circumstances of their life and the chances of the 'seduction struggle.' They take the risk of becoming involved with a lover younger than themselves—which is exactly what happens to Mme Karol. The handsome Max becomes a member of the family in a country where lovers enter happy homes with the ease that was current in Stendhal's Italy.

Meanwhile, Hélène is growing up in solitude and developing a lucidity of mind that robs her of her youth. In reality, she becomes young almost in spite of herself, for she began life as a little old woman who found her youth in the surge of adolescence. The author gives us an extremely interesting psychological study of an isolated young girl, and in doing so she displays a sureness of touch and a gift for happy observations that are much to her credit.

But *The Wine of Solitude* does not unravel a mass of psychological subtleties within a closed space. Let us not forget that we are witnessing a difficult and painful period in Ukrainian history—first the War, then the Revolution, and later the total upheaval of lives and consciences. I admire the prudence with which Mme Nemirovsky has evoked the revolutionary struggle of the time as a background. In this way she shows these events in their true perspective, as they appeared to the people then living in the Ukraine who, because they were not directly interested in the events taking place or were victims of circumstances, had an inadequate understanding of

the tragedy that they were called upon to witness. The Revolution did not make them forget their personal cares and problems. The fact that the young girl Hélène was not distracted from her sorrow and her solitude by the February and October Revolutions powerfully emphasizes the significance of the title—*The Wine of Solitude*.

The victims of revolution who escape the final consequences of the crisis and who go into exile often lead a weakened and diminished life. That is exactly what happened to the Karols, accompanied by the inevitable Max. Boris Karol, who has a passion for speculation, continues to make a lot of money, while his wife, his daughter, and Max lead a purposeless and dull existence in various parts of Europe. Age comes to play an important rôle, age in a dual sense—for Mme Karol is growing old and her daughter is reaching maturity. It is extremely dangerous for a woman to have a daughter when she also has a flair for young lovers, and, naturally, the handsome Max (somewhat withered, of course) takes a fancy to Hélène, who sees in this circumstance a chance for revenge. She is content to seduce the gentleman without going beyond that. Once she has possessed him completely she will not be so foolish as to let him possess her. Boris Karol dies, his wife is plunged to the depths of despair, and Hélène flees to a solitude that corresponds to the moral despair in which she has dwelt since her childhood.

In her earlier novels, *Pion sur l'Ecbiquier*, *David Golder*, *L'Affaire Kourilof*, Mme Nemirovsky revealed a very Russian narrative gift—that is to

say, she can tell anything well. But in her last two novels she seems to be directing her talents toward less easy and more subtly human subjects. She has the gift of cynicism, of unadorned truth expressed without shame or false bravado. She has a sense of living nuances and the hundreds of details which prove that an author draws her inspiration from life and not from literary souvenirs. And, lastly, she always strikes the right note. 'Hélène felt her heart melt with tenderness at the memory of Paris, the Tuilleries . . . (the trees like burnished iron against the tender winter sky, the soft smell of rain, and, in the heavy foggy twilight, that yellow moon slowly rising above the Colonne Vendôme).'

The author's psychological observations are no less accurate. When Hélène's mother gets angry because she has found some unkind remarks about herself in her daughter's notebook, Hélène muses bitterly, 'On top of it all, they want people to love them!' And the picturesque abounds: 'On the following day they arrived at one of those country "innes" which are beginning to sprout on French soil. Servants dressed like operetta shepherdesses with lace headdresses and pink-taffeta aprons ran on the lawn, stumbling on their high, pointed heels, carrying fine wines in peasant jugs and, on a cracked porcelain dish with a flower border, the check for five or six hundred francs (a lunch for three people).'

Does Mme Nemirovsky, who has so many gifts, yet lack something? Yes, perhaps a certain passion, a certain direct and blind force—the very thing that her interesting and living heroine also lacks.

LETTERS AND THE ARTS

AFTER five years of political uncertainty, increasing economic insecurity, and widespread unrest in the face of the threat of another war, it is not surprising that the artists of Europe have added little to either their reputations or their achievements. Nor, for similar reasons, have any outstanding younger men been able to command attention. Meanwhile, such countries as Germany have come under the heel of a dictatorship which, if it encourages art at all, does so uniquely with political aims in mind. Thus the 'post-war period,' which in its day contrived to rid art of the last vestiges of nineteenth-century subjectivism in favor of an objective, organic, and functional simplicity, comes, played out, to its close.

In America, during the past five years, the challenge has been met by an expansive return to nature, to subject, to detail. Europe, however, has been unable to make this transition, and for several reasons. In the first place, the romantic movement, which flowered so abundantly in the subject, has become too definitely a negative quantity in the western European tradition. But, if the European artist's self-respect refuses to allow him to return to literary painting, he is also reluctant to lend himself to any collective appeal, such as that fostered by large-scale projects in mural decoration: this, he feels, might impinge on his hard-won independence as a secular painter of room-size canvases. And now, finally, when the private market has dwindled to a point where the only alternative is government subvention, he would prefer, rather than cheapen himself, to sit back and contemplate.

And contemplation, of the securely finished and rounded past, has been lately the principal artistic activity of Europe. The first of this season's big retrospective shows was the Italian Exposition in Paris,

which ran from May into the middle of the summer. Here, to celebrate the late Franco-Italian rapprochement, was assembled the cream of the great Italian masters, gathered from every gallery in the peninsula. In the service of international comity came Giotto, Raphael, Michelangelo, Titian, da Vinci, Giorgione, Tintoretto, della Robbia, to glorify the halls of the Petit Palais in the Champs Elysées. They also came to please the French critics like Raymond Lecuyer, who writes in the *Figaro*: 'From the patient and ingenious artisans who took according to their own fancy the *poncifs* of Byzantine art, right down to the too clever decorators of eighteenth-century Venice—you have presented before you a complete panorama of old Italian painting. It is with Giotto, with Duccio, with Simone Martini, with Lorenzetti that the enchantment begins. Fra Angelico is magnificently represented by works which neither time nor men have altered, and he perhaps more than any of the other masters who surround him compels and holds us by a mysterious bond.' And so the superlatives continue, right down to the end of the Renaissance.

ANOTHER great exhibition was that of Persian art in Leningrad, which took place during the early weeks of September. After a half dozen paragraphs extolling the welcome which the Russian savants accorded him, Robert Byron, reporting in the *London Times*, gets down to business: 'The exhibition embraced not only Persian art but related arts as well. From all over Russia, from the museums of Moscow, Tiflis, Alma Ata, Kazan, Bakhchisarai, and Askabad, objects had been levied to complete the general scope. In the pre-Islamic rooms, particularly, the profusion of artistic elements, and their refusal to coincide with the territorial

compartments usually assigned them, showed more plainly than could be shown by the treasures of any other country how many are the gaps which still interrupt the history of the origins of art and of its evolution between Europe and Asia. The mediæval galleries left a more compact impression; for, with the exception of a small Hispano-Moresque section, the relation between Persian and Arab art was hardly exemplified. In the next period, however, the productions of the Safawid epoch could be compared with those of Turkey and India in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, though the result of this comparison was to illustrate not so much the evolution of art in general as the continued purity of Persian taste and its continuous inheritance from a classic past. This illustration extended even to the decadent portraits of the last century, but not to modern times. The last gallery announced the debt of modern Persian artists to Paris—and their own doom.'

To form a trinity of large generic shows comes the International Exhibition of Chinese Art, opening this month at Burlington House in London. Of the three this is perhaps the most unusual, in the fact that the Chinese Government has lent a great collection of national treasures hitherto almost unknown even to special students. But it is also most important at this time, since Chinese art represents a curious analogy to the recent trends in European art.

The whole modern movement of European art has been a desire and a tendency to break away from realism. Chinese art, however, has always been essentially non-realistic. The secret of this lies in the manner of approach. Whereas the Western artist has always been obliged to kick himself away from utter dependence upon nature and her relationships, the Chinese artist never did regard nature as his guide. (Is not his character writing a perfect example of this attitude?) On the contrary, for him nature was only a congeries of forms which, passing through his tem-

perament, became definite plastic conceptions, which might or might not bear resemblance to actual objects, animate or inanimate. Thus, at once and always liberated from the task of representation, he might compose according to the requirements of his craft and its own technique.

With these facts in mind, Chinese art can no longer be regarded as something peculiarly outside European experience. Indeed, as the critic puts it in the *Times*: 'European art has come closer to Oriental art in principle than at any time since the primitive period, and this, apart from the intrinsic interest of the exhibition, should make it a help toward a better understanding between the Eastern and the Western mind.'

THERE have been, to be sure, more shows than the three I have mentioned above. But, if they were likewise retrospective and historical in their general purpose, they were also less comprehensive in their scope. Such, for instance, were the excellent Rembrandt exhibition in Amsterdam and the exhibition of Impressionism in Brussels. Also, that exhibition in Germany known as the 'Dresden Chamber of Horrors,' which, with the work of Otto Dix, Paul Klee, George Grosz, Kurt Schwitters, and Schmidt-Rottluff, was designed to demonstrate the degeneration of art before the régime of National Socialism. The real point, however, is that all this profusion of past art can only serve to emphasize the fact that contemporary artistic production in Europe is at a standstill.

Indeed, such happens to be the situation. It would, of course, be easy to go on and say that Europe was through. What I believe to be more correctly the case, however, is that the hysteria to be 'new' and 'different' and 'original,' which characterized the artists of the last generation, has ceased and that now a reckoning is to be made. What, actually, were the dominant tendencies of that feverish generation which is now sitting back to rest? By

measuring its accomplishments with those of the great historical epochs, we may perhaps find out.

WHERE are the 'Independent Theatres,' the '*Théâtres Libres*,' the '*Freie Bühnen*'? The western European theatre seems, as a matter of fact, to evidence the same contemporary inactivity as the art galleries. In one country, however, the stage has boomed since the War and to-day shows no signs of decreasing. The exuberance of the Russian theatre is an old story, and Simone Tery, who attended the Moscow Theatre Festival during the early part of September, reports in the *Europe Nouvelle* as follows:—

"Realism" is the password in the new Russia. The entire U. S. S. R. is for realism. And the theatre, as you may well believe, is realistic like the rest. But realism—that's easy to say. Everyone of the producers of the sixteen handsome plays which were shown flatters himself, as if he were pronouncing a magic formula, on being realistic. After which, he does precisely whatever he pleases. He gives free rein to his maddest imagination, from the most passionate lyricism through the finest stylization to the most abstract symbolism. But we don't complain in the least. However, one must confess that, if one seeks to define realism in the theatre after having seen both Ostrovski's *Storm*, at the First Art Theatre, and *The Aristocrats*, at the Realistic Theatre, one would be hard put to it. Still, let's be simple and call it realism; I suppose there are a hundred ways to be realistic. Let's just say that "realistic" is synonymous with the beautiful and the true, and have done with it.

Mlle Tery goes on to speak of the excellence of the acting, settings, and direction of the Russian theatre, as well as the tremendous interest shown by the audiences. But from the whole list she selects Okhlopkov's production of *The Aristocrats*

as being the freshest, the most astonishing, the most original:—

'Okhlopkov has invented and perfected a theatrical technique which seems to me to express with the most conviction the essential spirit of the new Russia. He has his actors play on a bare platform, which crosses the theatre diagonally. Thus an immediate rapport is established between the players and the audience. The actors, thus placed amid the spectators, cannot let up for one moment the intensity of their performance. Okhlopkov has borrowed from the motion pictures his technique of quick scenes. However, whereas motion-picture technique is above all visual and pictorial, this technique when used by Okhlopkov, on account of the utterly bare platform, puts all the emphasis on the dramatic and psychological elements. The soul of man rises up in all its grandeur against this abstract space and attains epic proportions.

'Moreover, Okhlopkov has borrowed from the Chinese and Japanese theatre the idea of masked property men. Yes, they come right onto the stage, silent as shadows, carrying their properties, and you are tempted not to see them. Indeed, you do end up by not seeing them at all; or, rather, you see them as mysterious presences, symbolizing invisible forces, nature, fate. Those six dark-blue-clad men, throwing out handfuls of white confetti to represent snow, give you a much better chill of the blizzard on the icy steppe than do the flakes of conventional stage snow which most theatres have used.'

Mlle Tery laments that the plays themselves do not come up to their masterful technical presentation. However, she is at pains to add that Russia is still experiencing her revolution and that the masterpieces come only after the period of adjustment. Appropriately, she points to France as the classic example.

—PAUL SCHOFIELD

OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WORLD ECONOMIC SURVEY. *Fourth year, 1934-35. Economic Intelligence Service, League of Nations. New York: World Peace Foundation. 300 pages. \$1.50.*

WORLD PRODUCTION AND PRICES, 1925-1934. *Same publisher and distributor. 146 pages. \$1.25.*

THESE two volumes are indispensable to all students of current economic affairs. With them (and the League of Nations *Statistical Year Book* thrown in for good measure) it is possible to obtain an extraordinarily wide and detailed picture of what lies behind the headlines of the world's news. Industrial and agricultural production; world markets and prices; wages, employment, and labor conditions; the movements of capital; exports and imports; banking and finance—in short, the whole crazyquilt of world conditions, arranged in an ordered pattern of tables, charts, indices, graphs, and schedules and accompanied by a running narrative designed to show which way the contradictory winds of 'recovery' and 'decline' are blowing.

J. B. Condliffe, scholarly author of the *World Economic Survey*, reports 'the economic outlook at the beginning of 1935' as 'distinctly more confused and unpromising than it had been a year earlier.' Signs of recovery, although quite visible here and there, were 'superficial rather than fundamental'; 'there were so many elements of rigidity, particularly in production costs, that the burdens of adjustment to changing national and international conditions of demand and supply were thrown in increasing degree upon narrower segments of economic activity until the fluctuations of their prices finally proved unendurable.'

Just how these 'elements of rigidity' actually operated appears from a careful study of the rich material contained in the second volume, *World Production and Prices*. This monograph is primarily an elaborate survey of the indices of production in all fields, followed by an analysis of international trade and shipping and of price movements. Of special value are the appendices, which present, in tabular form, complete indices of production of all major industrial and agricultural products, classified by countries, over a ten-year period.

Whatever the defects of the League of Nations as a political instrument, its work as a research organization deserves high praise.

GERMANY'S FOREIGN INDEBTEDNESS. *By C. R. S. Harris, with the assistance of the Information Department of the Royal Institute of International Affairs. New York: Oxford University Press. 124 pages. \$2.00.*

BEHIND the cruel mask of the Third Reich is the face of a country seared beyond recognition by four years of a criminal war and fifteen years of an equally horrible 'peace.' This dry technical monograph shows us something of that face: those parts of it, at least, upon which Dr. Schacht and his aids are trying to graft a new economic skin. Dr. Harris takes the view—supported by an impressive amount of evidence—that 'it is to inflation, rather than to reparations as such, that we must look for the primary cause of Germany's foreign indebtedness'—a position which leaves unanswered the question as to how far the terrific burden of reparations necessitated the post-war inflation. A country which cannot pay off debts through the production and sale of commodities must obviously resort to the printing press: and Dr. Harris himself points out that, after the Treaty of Versailles, German production had *diminished* by the following percentages: iron ore, 48.2; coal output, 15.7; zinc and lead output and smelting plants, 60 per cent each; iron and steel capacity, 19; agricultural land, 15; live stock, 12 per cent. The financial and monetary consequences of this economic strangulation are ably discussed: the 'standstill agreements'; the Young and Dawes Plans and the Moratorium; Germany's economic policy from 1931 to 1934; the 'blocked mark'; the frantic search for foreign credits in a world heading rapidly toward more and higher tariff barriers within national boundaries—and more and richer markets outside. 'The German Government,' concludes the somewhat unyielding Dr. Harris, 'has chosen a method of ridding Germany of her debt burden which has seriously injured her credit abroad. Had they chosen other methods they might have attained the same end and still left Germany's credit unimpaired.' What 'other meth-

ods'? And when—if ever—was Germany, the gaunt beggar of Versailles, permitted to exercise free choice in ways of escaping the iron ring of her 'conquerors'?

PORTRAITS AND PAMPHLETS. *By Karl Radek, with an Introduction by A. J. Cummings and Notes by Alec Brown. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co. 306 pages. \$2.50.*

KARL RADEK, official spokesman for the policies and achievements of the Soviet Union, is well known to readers of *THE LIVING AGE*. His writings, in fact, both signed and anonymous, are probably known to a larger number of people than those of any other living journalist. At least one of his productions—the famous 'intervention protest' sent to President Wilson by the struggling young Soviet Republic in 1918—has become part of the record of American history: and this is but one of the many surprises in store for readers of this, the first volume of his selected writings published in America.

Versatile, enormously well informed, a linguist who has been known to dictate simultaneously three distinct articles in three different languages; by turns humorous, grave, sarcastic, and genial, Radek would be an acquisition for any society. In the Soviet Union, where journalism is again becoming a fine art, he is in his element. Here, for example, are some of the things and people he writes about: Woodrow Wilson, Fritz Ebert (who became 'a scoundrel from reformism'); Lloyd George, Sun Yat-sen, 'Mr. Bertrand Russell's Sentimental Journey,' the Archbishop of Canterbury; imperialism, the position of women and of the intellectual, Romain Rolland and Fridtjof Nansen—of whom he writes, 'the conception "pacifist" is bound up with a revoltingly stupid attempt to have people's throats cut without hurting them at all.' There are chapters on children and parents, on science and education, on foreign politics, war, peace, technology, and invention—and all of these subjects are interpreted from the point of view of socialism: not the theory but the practice as illustrated in the work of the Soviet Union during the past eighteen years.

You may not like the things for which Karl Radek stands; but it is quite possible that, if you give this book half a chance, you will find yourself disliking them less and less. For Karl Radek is the symbol of a new world and a new vitality.

THE AGRICULTURAL CRISIS, IS IT A TEMPORARY PROBLEM? *By Dr. J. M. Goldstein. New York: John Day Co. 257 pages. \$4.00.*

PROFESSOR GOLDSTEIN, statistician and economist of the Tsarist régime in Russia, was one of the few men who were not deceived by the so-called 'scientific' predictions of Sir William Crookes regarding the imminence of food scarcity throughout the world. Twenty years ago Dr. Goldstein himself predicted that a combination of new agricultural lands and improved methods of cultivation would seriously affect the whole economic structure. To-day, in this extremely factual monograph, he reviews the evidence for his belief—and challenges orthodox economists to find a way out of the agricultural crisis within the traditional framework of 'regulation' and artificial price-raising. The author's method is to consider, in great detail and with all the apparatus of statistical analysis, the technical, economic, and political aspects of the agricultural problem in four major regions: the United States, Argentina, Canada, and Australia; and a somewhat briefer treatment of several minor countries, including Italy, Rumania, France, and Soviet Russia (this last 'minor' only from the capitalist 'market' point of view). Of exceptional value to students is Dr. Goldstein's thorough examination of the price structure in relation to agricultural products, and the incredible confusion produced by the network of tariffs, customs, curtailment plans, quotas, and similar 'remedies' for a crisis which has nothing whatever to do with a genuine scarcity. 'The agricultural crisis of to-day,' he concludes, 'in contrast with the agricultural depressions of the nineteenth century, is not only a consequence of an expansion of the cultivated areas but at the same time is, to a large extent, a result of the incarnation of capitalist principles in agriculture itself, which subjects production in the domain of agriculture to the same troubles that capitalist development created, since the end of the eighteenth century, in industry.'

—HAROLD WARD

SEEDS OF TOMORROW. *By Mikbail Sholokhov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. 404 pages. \$2.50.*

PEOPLE who read *And Quiet Flows the Don* will not need to be persuaded that Sholok-

hov knows how to tell a story interestingly. In *Seeds of Tomorrow* his theme is the establishment of the collective farm system in the country of the Don Cossacks, of the well-nigh heartbreaking tasks allotted to those who were assigned the problem of leading (and sometimes bludgeoning) a sturdily individualistic people of the soil into the fold of collectivism. The author's handling is worthy of his rich material. He gives a splendid picture of the Cossacks, their stubbornness, their muddle-headedness, their fierce strength, and their devotion to their soil. The book is, perhaps, a little over-long, but it contains scenes and characterizations which are likely to outlive the novels of the hour.

Most important to those who are inclined to resent the attitude which lumps Germany, Italy, and Russia together under the head of 'dictatorships' is the fact that no such book could come out of the Italy or the Germany of to-day. The novel is based on the existence of discontent and is filled with bitter criticisms of the bureaucratic blunderings which placed almost insurmountable barriers in the road to collectivization. It is a bold book, and a rich and earthy one, written with a dignity and assurance which serve not only to confirm its author's status but to demonstrate the permanence of Russia's revolution.

—HENRY BENNETT

PEACE IN THE BALKANS: *The Movement towards International Organization in the Balkans*. By Norman J. Padelford. New York: Oxford University Press. 209 pages. \$2.00.

EVER since the defeat of the old Turkish Empire and the Balkanization of Eastern Europe, the term 'Balkan politics' has stood for intrigue, assassination, 'Black Hands,' and every kind of cynical—and fanatical—scheme for territorial aggrandizement. It is therefore surprising to find growing up in the Balkans a movement for international organization and the preservation of peaceful relations between the states. The movement owes its origin to A. P. Papanastassiou, the Greek Republican leader. At his suggestion, a semi-public Balkan Conference was held in 1930. All the Balkan States attended, and the Conference expressed

a desire to find a *modus vivendi* to eliminate the sources of friction which have so often in the past led the Balkan nations to war. Thereafter the Conference met annually. Its progress was seriously threatened by the intransigence of Bulgaria in the question of national minorities (the old IMRO question), but it nevertheless succeeded in drawing up and adopting a draft pact to be urged upon the respective governments as a means not only of avoiding war but also of establishing close coöperation and friendship in the economic and cultural fields. Though this pact has not been adopted by the Balkan Governments, they have answered the appeal both by adhering to the Argentine Anti-War Pact of 1934 and by forming a Balkan Entente.

The Balkan Entente, formed early in 1934, follows closely the model of the Little Entente. It envisages the use of collective sanctions to maintain the frontiers, and also 'in case of eventualities' . . . a broader definition, presumably, than the earlier one of 'aggression.' As Professor Padelford puts it, 'Here for the first time since the late War is to be found a political grouping of Balkan States, and for the first time in their stormy history an alliance not concluded with the preconceived notion of warring upon one of their neighbors.' Unfortunately, Albania was not invited to join, and Bulgaria refrained from a fear that the Entente would 'freeze' frontiers with which she is frankly dissatisfied. The members are therefore Rumania, Turkey, Greece, and Yugoslavia.

Professor Padelford's book is a careful history of the origins of the Balkan Conference and its five meetings (the last in 1934). He is wisely cautious in his appraisal of the Entente, which cannot, he believes, have any lasting benefit unless the Conference movement lives and spreads. For if the Conference dies (and the fact that it has not met this year is a symptom of its present state of health), the Entente may prove to be no more than an extension of the Little Entente system into the Balkans, a system devoted to the preserving of the status quo at all costs, and one pretty certainly doomed to ultimate catastrophe.

—VARIAN FRY

NOTES AND COMMENTS

STANDARDIZED . . .

Mussolini has established a special telegraph service for his fighting troops and their families. For a very low charge the soldiers may send wireless messages to Italy. To be sure, they may not cable anything they please but only a few messages of four to six words each, like: 'I am fine;' 'I am very well;' 'Don't worry about me;' or 'We are victorious and happy;' etc.

The relatives in Italy may answer at the same low charges. They, too, have standardized messages at their disposal. The wires may either confirm the original telegram, announce gift parcels, or notify the soldier that his wife has given birth to a son or daughter. Everything is told in four to six words, the wording of which is also fixed.

Thus we know what sort of communications Mussolini expects between the front and the home. If the war lasts much longer, however, wires announcing the birth of a child might not contribute to the peace of mind of the troops. Even the bravest soldier does not expect offspring beyond a reasonable time.

—*Neue Weltbühne*, Prague

AND OTHERWISE

The Abyssinian soldier possesses a fighting instinct unknown to European soldiers. When the Abyssinian receives orders from his superior to hold a certain hill, he needs no further instruction; he himself takes up the most advantageous position offered by the terrain, and he himself organizes the defense, conscientiously carrying through his task.

The Abyssinian officer does not play the same important rôle as among European troops. In fact, when he falls, his loss is hardly noticed. The warrior who has witnessed the officer's death merely calls out: 'The enemy has killed Kassa Ubo.' A few minutes later an answering call is received: 'Sapa Dewa will wreak bloody vengeance,' indicating the successor.

Another factor of tremendous advantage to the Abyssinians is their ability to forward communications with the help of certain signs

and sounds of an optical and acoustic nature. The meaning of these signs and sounds is strictly guarded from the white men. The Italians are not alone in envying the Abyssinians this form of signal service.

—*Milliet*, Ankara

JAPAN TELEPHONES

The wheels of commerce move slowly in Japan. They are clogged with a multitude of middlemen whose functions are often incomprehensible. A typical example is the telephone broker, who stands firmly between post office and public, raking in a rich toll. The number of lines to be laid down each year is determined beforehand, and in some mysterious way the brokers buy up all the available options. If the would-be subscriber goes directly to the authorities, he is told that it may take several years before the slowly expanding service reaches his house. But the broker is ready, on payment of anything up to £60 in addition to the official fee, to install the line within a few days. The government has now announced that the practice will be stopped, and brokers' prices have slumped to a few pounds, with a small monthly royalty added. Incidentally, telephone numbers containing a four are always offered at bargain prices, because 'Shi,' the Japanese for the figure four, also means death.

—Günther Stein in the *Spectator*, London

'BUSINESS' OR 'PRIVATE'

A few more words about a curious innovation in the telephone service of Japan: the authorities have arranged that, in future, operators making interurban connections are to inquire of the caller as to the nature of the conversation. A single word such as 'business' or 'private' together with the name are sufficient. Thus the person called hears from the operator what kind of call it is to be even before the conversation has begun. There is time to prepare one's self and to come straight to the point. Statistics have shown that this method does indeed save effort.

—*Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna

WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

THE appearance of the new department, 'With the Organizations,' in our November issue aroused more enthusiasm than even we had expected. It is apparently interesting to our readers to know that, wherever public attention is focused upon a particular nation or group of nations, one or more organizations in the United States, composed of disinterested and enlightened individuals, are striving to give their members complete and unprejudiced information of the international problems pressing for solution in that quarter of the globe where the controversy has arisen.

Although the events of the Italo-Ethiopian War have recently taken precedence in the news reports, many believe that developments in the Far East will involve consequences of wider ramifications and even greater importance. To an understanding of Far Eastern questions, authoritative sources of information are, therefore, of the first importance, and the members of the organizations making a special study of such subjects are likely to find their affiliations of greater interest and value during the next twelve months than ever before.

The American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations is one of the most active organizations in the Far Eastern field. Its primary purpose is to investigate the conditions of the Pacific peoples and their relations with each other. At the same time, the American Council of the Institute is making a definite effort to correlate this research program with an educational one and is waging a continuous campaign to make the leaders of public-school curricula conscious of the Far East as a vital part of the world in which we live, irrespective of any special reason for present attention. This work has been concentrated in the State of California, where there is naturally the greatest and most

immediate interest in the Far East. In this State a committee of educators, with the coöperation of the American Council, built up a special high-school course on Pacific relations. After trying it out in tentative form in over one hundred high schools, the State Superintendent of Schools accepted it as an optional course, which may be presented as entrance credit for the University of California.

The Institute has completed in tentative form schoolbooks on Hawaii, the Philippines, China, and Japan. These are now being revised, while a similar study of the Soviet Union is already under way. In addition to these purely pedagogic ventures, the Institute occasionally publishes books in a more popular vein, such as *Empire in the East*, a symposium edited by Joseph Barnes. *The Far Eastern Survey*, a fortnightly review of economic affairs in Asia, is a periodical of increasing popularity, one that we heartily recommend to all interested in obtaining the facts behind the current news in the daily press. Never has the American Council of the Institute of Pacific Relations been more definitely in the main stream of public events than it is to-day.

Another important organization interested in the Far East is the China Institute in America, whose purpose it is to promote cultural relations between China and the United States, and, more particularly, to develop in the United States a better understanding of China.

With Sao-Ke Alfred Sze as honorary president, Paul Monroe as acting president, and Chih Meng as associate director, the Institute has sponsored a number of interesting and important activities. Among these, the most valuable has perhaps been the information bureau which has made its services available to newspapers, periodicals, and private individuals.

In accordance with its policy of acquainting Americans with China's culture, the Institute has arranged for visiting Chinese scholars and a selected number of Chinese graduate students to lecture before educational, civic, and other types of organizations. In this way, the Institute has developed a tremendous network covering the entire United States, and it has helped to make the American people conscious of the cultural heritage of their overseas neighbors. In this day and age, when there is so much interest in and so little understanding of the problems of China, the Institute has an important rôle to play.

Travel bureaus tell us that never have so many tourists visited Mexico and the Latin-American countries as in the last few years. And it does not seem altogether improbable that this interest is largely due to the initiative and influence of organizations like the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, which was founded in 1925 by Hubert Herring and others, in the belief that influential American citizens could ameliorate our ideas of and relations to the countries of Latin America if they were given the opportunity of becoming closely acquainted with these countries. This conception has been put into action in numerous ways. Most important, we believe, are the ten seminars in Mexico and the two seminars in the Caribbean with meetings conducted in the places under discussion and led by faculties recruited both in the United States and in Latin America. These seminars have discussed economics, art, politics, music, literature, geography, etc. The tenth seminar, which was held in Mexico during the summer of 1935, included an imposing list of outstanding men and women, among whom we should like to mention Hubert Herring, director of the committee, and the great Mexican painter, Diego Rivera.

For the coming year, the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America is planning a number of interesting activi-

ties. They will conduct all-year-round sponsored trips to Mexico for travelers who have more serious or more specialized interests than the average tourist. Those who take these *Viajes a Mexico* will be under the personal guidance of the Committee's permanent representative, who will assist them in making the contacts their special interests require. In addition to a winter seminar and the eleventh seminar in Mexico, which will be held next July and which will be an enlargement of previous seminars, the Committee is planning its first seminar in Guatemala to be held over the Christmas holidays. In conclusion, we should like to congratulate the Committee for the editorship of the book, *Renascent Mexico*, published by Covici Friede. This book includes twenty important and up-to-date articles on current Mexican problems and achievements by outstanding members of the faculty of the Mexican seminars.

Since last month, a number of prominent organizations interested in international affairs have written to us and sent us valuable material. We should like to acknowledge the receipt of the 1935 Yearbook published by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The League of Nations Association, with James T. Shotwell, as president, publishes a fortnightly newspaper, *The Chronicle of World Affairs*. The National League of Women Voters, of which Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is honorary president, has made an up-to-date review of the nation-wide tax problem under the direction of Miss Katherine A. Frederic, secretary of the League's Committee of Government and Its Operation. The World Peace Foundation, whose primary objective is to make readily available the facts concerning international relations, has sponsored a number of radio addresses on 'How Can We Stay Out of War?' United States Senator Gerald P. Nye, William V. Pratt, former chief of naval operations, and Admiral William S. Sims were among the speakers.

ONCE AGAIN

THE LIVING AGE has struck it right. In our October issue, which appeared on the newsstands on September 28, we said:

"Between Malta and Cyprus there lie numerous islands, completely unexploited from a military viewpoint, and these islands belong to Greece. There can be no doubt that after the Greek Restoration has been effected the question of swapping the large and fertile island of Cyprus, with its almost exclusively Greek population, will be seriously considered."

On November 13, *six and one-half weeks later*, the New York World-Telegram carried the following dispatch from Athens:

"Negotiations are proceeding between Britain and Greece concerning the possibility of Britain ceding the island of Cyprus to Greece in exchange for the use of a number of Greek ports in the event of an Anglo-Italian clash in the Mediterranean, it was understood to-day."

THIS is just one more example of the sort of forecasting for which THE LIVING AGE has become noted. As we have said before, THE LIVING AGE is not devoted to crystal-gazing. Its primary object is to interpret present conditions. But our record indicates that correct interpretation and accurate prophecy are frequently one and the same thing.

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WORLD AFFAIRS INTERPRETER

A Magazine of the New Era

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THE GUIDE POST

(Continued)

less well known that, among the western institutions she is building up within her borders, a powerful army and a large air force are to be accorded a front-rank position. Writing in the conservative *Spectator*, Michael Langley reports these military developments and throws some new light, too, on the more familiar aspects of the Turkish *Risorgimento*. [p. 339]

HERBERT MORRISON is chairman of the (Laborite) London County Council and a prominent member of his Party. He recently visited Palestine, where he was immensely impressed by the Jewish young men and women he saw working there. In 'The New Jew' he describes what he saw and attempts to convey some of the enthusiasm he felt for it. [p. 342]

WRITING in *Marianne*, French liberal weekly, Georges Lafumée describes his visit to a progressive prison camp near Moscow. Like our own Federal experimental prison, Lawton, Bolshevo has no bars. But, unlike Lawton, it has no guards either. It seeks rather to reclaim men and women than to punish them. The results, says M. Lafumée, are more promising in the case of the men than in that of the women prisoners. [p. 345]

THE account of Haile Selassie which is the feature of our 'Persons and Personages' department was written by his European physician, Dr. Sassard. Thanks to his intimate acquaintance with the King of Kings, Dr. Sassard has been able to write what is by far the most interest-

ing account of Haile Selassie we have seen anywhere. [p. 318]

ANOTHER 'Persons' offer is an appraisal of Céline by a Russian Communist. Lev Nikulin recognizes the merits of Céline's writing but argues that only by embracing Communism can the leader of all 'defeatists' become 'great.' [p. 324]

THE group is concluded by a brief sketch of the Aga Khan, a native Indian prince and reputedly one of the richest men in the world. [p. 327]

OUR 'Books Abroad' department leads off this month with a long review by Wickham Steed of the first volume of Gustav Stresemann's extremely revealing letters, diaries, and papers. The great question about Stresemann is, was he sincere in desiring peace, or was he merely playing for time while Germany secretly rearmed? Mr. Steed submits a letter Stresemann wrote to the Crown Prince in 1925, only a little while before the signing of the Locarno Pact, and which seems quite clearly to reveal the duplicity of his policy. If Steed's view is the right one, the Nazis, who have come to reap the fruits of Stresemann's slyness, have set the world a leading example of ingratitude in reviling the memory of the man to whom they owe so large a measure of their success. Stresemann's book will be published in this country by the Macmillan Company. [p. 355]

OF THE other books reviewed this month, *The Eve of 1914*, by Theodor Wolff, and *Zabaroff, the Armaments King*, by Robert Neumann, will be published here in January by Alfred A. Knopf.